JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Vol. VI. No. 160. Saturday, June 26th, 1909. One Penny.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

When addressing our Open Letter the other day to Sir Edmund Hope Verney, we were not quite certain of the identity of the man. But it now appears that he is the gentleman who went to gaol some years ago for conspiring to procure young girls for immoral purposes. A nice creature to insult the King! Where is our whip? Meanwhile, congratulations to the *Daily News*.

Monday's papers brought news of two riots—the *Daily Mail* reported both in the same column—one a fight between Roman Catholics and Protestants, at Liverpool, and the other a row on a French race-course. Isn't it about time that these gatherings were suppressed? Who will introduce a Bill to Suppress Religious and Race Meetings? The only difference between the two riots in this particular instance was that the racegoers want to burn the buildings, whilst the Christians want to burn each other.

During the discussion on the Licensing Bill—at any rate, until we brought him off his perch—Sir Thomas Whittaker was never tired of imputing selfish and interested motives to the opponents of the measure. Now we have him joining the "cave" against the Budget proposals in regard to the land. But the licensed victuallers do not say that his action in this matter is in any way due to the fact that the insurance office of which he is chairman is largely interested in land investments. Neither do we. We are satisfied that, as throughout his political career, he is actuated by a sincere desire to benefit his fellow man. By the way, how is his Society's public-house getting along? We hear that since the Budget "Sir Thomas' Special" has given place to the "Small Lloyd George."

Is not it silly snobbery to place the King's fillies first on the card when they are not top-weights? The practice caused confusion at Ascot. Besides, the heralds have not yet established a table of equine precedency.

The connection between society and trade is wel illustrated by the *Morning Post's* addition of dress-makers' names to the descriptions of the costumes at a Drawing Room. Again, under "Arrangements for this Day," we read: "Always ask for ——'s Brandy." This sounds suspiciously like an advertisement, but that suggestion, as Euclid used to say, is, of course, absurd.

As there still seem to be people who think John Davidson was "murdered" because he did not receive a larger pension or a larger recognition of his work, it may be well to quote from his posthumous "poems," which have now just seen the light:—

> The women, woven, built and kneaded up
> Of hydrogen, of azote, oxygen,
> Of carbon, phosphorus, chlorine, sulphur, iron,
> Of calcium, kalium, natrum, mangancse.

There's jingle for you. But how cruel of the poor fellow's relatives to thus proclaim the weakness of his mind.

Here is an extract from one of Lord Northcliffe's publications:—

> "Hullo, Ray!" rose above the din of cheering in the explorer's full, rich tones, and "Hullo, Dad!" came the eager reply from the sturdy little sailor-boy. Then father and son came together, and the explorer, after kissing his boy affectionately, tenderly held him by the arm and gazed lovingly at the smiling little fellow, whose features he had not beheld for so long.

Now this is not only devoid of general interest—in fact, silly and mawkish—but also an impertinent intrusion into private affairs. Why cannot Lieut. Shackleton kiss his little boy after a long absence without having all the details of the slobber promulgated to the whole world? It seems as though our contemporary suffered from a special form of hysteria with regard to children. In the same issue we find the portraits of the aforementioned Ray and his sister Cecily playing with a young bear. Lately, too, we were teased with endless representations of the thick legs of a small Lloyd George. Scarcely a week passes without the representation of rows of Royal children decorating the top of a wall. And who will ever forget the terrible gibberings which greeted the visit of Prince Olaf to our shores?

We confess we do not quite understand why so many people seem to be very anxious to see Lord Hugh Cecil back in Parliament. Of course, we applaud his independence of party, and we admire his many brilliant gifts. But he is a dull speaker, a sorry quibbler, and a peculiarly narrow-minded Pharisee. He has all the vices of his family—the repellant hauteur, the aristocratic insolence, the acid sneer—without his father's redeeming sense of humour. Moreover, if his party is really keen about tariff reform, why elect a free trade suspect?

The John Bull League is getting quite out of hand. Over two hundred thousand members already.

The last of the senior wranglers, thank goodness! We believe that we are correct in saying that few senior wranglers have distinguished themselves in after life. It would be a good thing if the mathematical tripos could be abolished altogether. Surely it is a miserable waste of time to spend three years over the dreary subtleties of mathematics. We would almost rather condemn our youth to wrestle with the barbarous jargon of "philosophy."

At Dover police-court a few days ago a man, named George Smith, was charged in that he, being a person well able to maintain himself and his family, had wilfully neglected so to do, whereby his wife and three children had become chargeable to the funds of the Union. The woman, with her children, was admitted into the workhouse destitute, and she then stated that her husband was looking for work. There was no question about the man, a labourer, having left her to find work. He had up to that time kept the family while working for a local florist, but was "stood off" for rain. Not being able to find work in the town, he went away. He did not tell his wife how long he would be absent, possibly because he did not wish to distress her. There was nothing in the house to eat, and as, in the woman's own words, she and her children "could not live on air," they went into the "House." That the man was of honest intention, however, is proved by the fact that he found work at a place called Ash, and then wrote to his wife, saying he was getting 1s. 8d. a day, and "would send some money as soon as he could get it together."

Now comes the harsh, unsympathetic, and pig-headed Bumble, armed with his Poor Law as we know it only too well. Knowing of the letter, he wasted no time, but issued a warrant and instructed the police, who "found the man training hops." He had 1½d. in his pocket, lived in a little hut, and had not yet drawn the 6s. or 8s. due to him. "I know he would have sent me the money this week for me to go and join him," said his wife in court; "he has not had time to do it yet." On the face of it, that was but the trustful truth. It looks as if he had saved up these few shillings for just this thing; yet the man was taken off his honest work by a policeman at Sandwich, brought back to Dover in custody like a thief, and with the remark of one of the magistrates that it was "a very bad case"—that dreary old comment which magistrates all over the country are everlastingly trotting out in cases not bad at all—he was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, probably with hard labour, though the report does not say so. It seems to us on the reported facts to be not only an extraordinary, but a scandalous—we had almost said a ferocious—sentence. That we still tolerate a Poor Law which invites an outrage of this kind—that we still tolerate magistrates who do outrages of this kind—is one more proof how near akin forty odd millions of Britons are to the asses.

Now, if you please, we will get to a story of a wise Cadi and a policeman for whom music had no charms to soothe his savage breast. It begins with a Mr. Morton, aged 62. Him the policeman discovered tootling his whistle and breaking out into song in the streets of Woolwich. The policeman listened, but was not enraptured; and seeing a lady hand cash to the musician, promptly ran him in on a charge of placing himself in a public place for the purpose of receiving or gathering alms. Now the law says that you shall give talent for money; as, for instance, in discoursing on a hurdy-gurdy, a Salvation Army tambourine, or as a member of a German band; which, all things considered, is a blessed bargain. It would be a shocking, distressing thing if the sunny sons of Italy were permitted to play without talent a barrel organ in the land of the free.

Hence the musician rose to cross-examine the policeman in the best style; humbly speaking, we could not have done it better ourselves. "You are not familiar with songs and music?" said he to the policeman. "Not with the likes of that," was the reply. "Do you know 'Il Trovatore'?" was the next majestic insistence. "I don't understand music," confessed the policeman. "You do not know that I was playing 'Il Trovatore' and 'Sweet Genevieve'?" "I don't know it," responded the officer. Then it was that the Cadi ordered that the man should be given his whistle, that he might discourse sweet sounds warranted to charm away treasons, stratagems, and spoils. It was now "Il Trovatore" against the world, or, at least, against the policeman; "Il Trovatore," bedad, or fourteen days! Steady O, there! The whistle went to lip, and "Il Trovatore" it was. The court was filled with immortal music. For awhile the Cadi sat apparently entranced. "That is enough," said he at last; "you can go away." It was over—"Il Trovatore" had triumphed.

Apropos, we have a wail from a man engulfed in the waters of tribulation. His path on earth has been dogged by the sleuthhounds of a vengeful fate. First he got married. Then he got five children. Then he got sold up twice, once for rent and once for taxes. Now there are three warrants out for him, "all for taxes." "The full amount," says he, with touching pathos, "is something like £12"; and with the object of collecting that sum from a hard and indifferent world, he has vanished from home, hoping to return one of these sunny mornings with the cash to satisfy the financial requirements of His Majesty's Treasury. Having revealed so much, he drives home the moral of the tragic tale. "If I had not got away from home," says he, "I should have been imprisoned, my wife and family should have went to workhouse. If the law must have its pound of *Flesh*, why not so by deputy? If a man gets a chance to work and another man has no work, isn't it feasible that he is the man whom imprisonment would hurt least? I enclose my card, trusting you will treat same in confidence. I remain, In Hiding." This brave, if elusive man, is assured that his name and address are in our sacred keeping. Neither thumbscrew nor the rack shall drag them from the recesses of our bounteous bosom.

Mrs. Manseigh, living at "The Burns," Lansdowne Circus, Leamington, is apparently a woman without the slightest consideration for her servants. She employed a middle-aged woman, a widow, to do the whole work of the house, including the cooking. Apparently without the slightest foundation, she got it into her head that the widow was addicted to secret drinking. Worked beyond her strength, the woman fell ill, finally collapsing on the bath-room floor from sheer exhaustion, when her mistress, "not only proffered no assistance herself, but allowed her daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, to assist this practically dying woman up a steep flight of stairs, guarded only by a rope. Then, finding the woman could do no work, and fearing she might die in the house, she dumped her on another woman while practically unconscious, and in whose house she passed away." These being the facts, it is not surprising that the jury asked the coroner to censure the lady, or that, in doing so, he spoke of her action as "an outrage on humanity." On the whole, servants looking for a comfortable place and a sympathetic mistress will hardly find them at "The Burns."

Who bribed the penny-a-liners at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court to suppress the report of the inquest held on Mrs. Agnes O'Brien Ruiz, the American ex-actress found dead with a bullet wound in her body? We know that London pressmen are sometimes sold; but it is rather a shock to learn that they can be bought.

A few days ago the Master of Coventry Workhouse missed Mr. Toney, who, together with his wife and family, had been inmates of the establishment "on and off" for five years. The Master thereupon informed the police, and meanwhile Mr. Toney presented himself at the lodge, respectfully informed the Master that it was not his intention to return home, and he would therefore be grateful for the delivery up of his garments. To the surprise of Mr. Toney, not only did the Master refuse to hand over the clothes, but detained him at the workhouse. These not being, in his opinion, amenities suited to the occasion, Mr. Toney scaled a wall, and once more departed the precincts, attired in his official robes. It should be mentioned that he had previously asked permission of the Guardians to leave their hospitable roof in order to get work, but that permission was refused. Eventually the police ran Mr. Toney to earth, when they charged him with stealing certain workhouse clothing, to wit, that which was on his back, value £1, first having him arrested "while he was working on some new buildings as a builder's labourer." He had been caught working, red-handed, attired in the only suit he could escape in unless he had taken the risk of being charged for assembling himself as an indecent publication. It was a crime which T. Burbridge, Esq., J.P. (in the chair), and Edward Turrall, Esq., J.P., could not overlook, wherefore they withdrew Mr. Toney from his job on the new buildings, and gave him fourteen days' work, with food and raiment, in the prison house. They themselves are still at large.

One day recently a man was discovered by a policeman sitting on a doorstep, and the officer conveyed him to the police station on a charge of being a suspected person. At the police-court the man pleaded that he sat on the doorstep because he felt ill. The case was remanded for a week, and meantime he died in prison. Does anybody know whether the magistrate made any remarks suitable to the occasion? The case, as reported, certainly necessitates inquiry.

We note that even Germany is getting rather restive concerning the game of party politics, so much so that at a meeting in Berlin of several thousand representatives of industry, trade, and finance in all parts of the German Empire," the formation of a Business Party was resolved upon. As we have said over and over again, it is a Business Party which is needed in England, and needed badly—a party acting for the common good—independently of either Tory or Liberal interests. Germany has got ahead of us again, but with the John Bull League we hope soon to catch her up.

On what principle of selection were the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference selected? Take the case of Dr. Syme, who is supposed to represent the Press of the Australian Colony of Victoria. Dr. Syme is a popular Melbourne medico, who so far as we are aware has never written a line for the Press: he is certainly not a journalist, but a practising doctor making several thousands a year. True, Dr. Syme is fortunate enough to have had as uncle the famous Dave Syme, the "uncrowned King of Victoria," who boosted the loquacious Deakin into prominence. Probably old Syme left his nephew some share in the *Melbourne Age*. We do not know. What we do know is that Dr. Syme no more represents anything that matters in Australian journalism than would the first draper one tumbled across in the Victorian city. So it is with the majority of the Australian delegates: at the best, the shareholding element, rather than the executive elements of the Imperial Press has monopolised this windy holiday. Again, we ask: How was it worked?

The Liberal Cave has caved in.

There is a humorist at Southend. The King and the Fleet are to visit "London-on-the-Mud" next month, and suggestions are being made for the renovation of the place so that it may be worthy of Royalty. "More paint" is recommended by some. But more important projects are afoot; and the three that commend themselves most to us are that the Borough officials should be given new uniforms for the occasion, that a Town Clerk should be appointed, and that eau-de-cologne should be mixed with the sea water used to flush the streets. We confess that we like the last idea best of all. No doubt with a new Town Clerk many defects might be overlooked, especially if he was accompanied by a crowd of officials in brand-new clobber. But something mixed with the special ozone supplied by the Southend roadway and the deodorisation of the local fish-shops would fulfil a longer-felt want. Eau-de-cologne by all means.

It "remains to be seen" whether the Lord's Day Observance Society means bluff or business in their threat of proceedings to enforce a penalty of £200 on the Receiver and Manager of the Crystal Palace for allowing band performances on Sunday. It appears that for some time past, season-ticket holders have had the privilege of being entertained in the grounds on Sundays by a band discoursing good-class music, and the object of the Society is, of course, to put an end to this iniquity under the old and practically obsolete Act of Parliament. Doubtless the fact that the Crystal Palace is not sufficiently in funds to pay the penalty has influenced these Sabbatarian cranks. This is the sort of case in which a John Bull League would be able to give the Puritans a good run for their money. It will at once occur to anybody who is not a Sunday kill-joy that what is good in the parks of the London County Council cannot be bad in the picturesque and wide-stretching pleasure grounds of the Palace. Is not it about time that all these old and obsolete Acts of Parliament, which give cranks and faddists the power of destroying the harmless occupations and enjoyments of other citizens, should be comprehensively blotted out of the Statute Book? We must look the matter up.

Apropos, the Lord's Day Observance Society may like to consider the inner meaning of a child story told by Canon Ransford at the Rochester Diocesan Conference. "Mummy," exclaimed the little one, addressing his mother one Sunday, "is heaven on the telephone? Because I want to ask God if He really minds me playing a game?"

Though some queer things are said against the Government which happens to be in by the party which happens to be out, we hesitate to credit the statement of Mr. Fenwick that night after night, "all over the country," the Tories are going about saying that "the Government were starving the Navy in order to increase the salary of the President of the Board of Trade." If the Navy were only being starved to the extent of an extra £3,000, nobody could make much of a song about it. To be fair, from the moment of the introduction of the Board of Trade Bill the Government have made it clear that it was not intended to benefit Mr. Churchill, and but for the amendment of the Tory Whip, Lord Balcarres, who believes that Mr. Churchill is as much entitled to an increase of salary as the next untried holder of the office can possibly be, nothing more would have been heard of the matter. In the result, Mr. Churchill will remain at his old salary, as was all along intended, and the extra £3,000 a year will begin with Mr. Bonar Law, when in a few months' time he becomes President of the mythical "Board" which looks after the country's trade.

The Labour members stopped Churchill's rise of salary in order to get a rise out of John Burns.

It has been frequently stated that the Church Pageant would give work to 300 unemployed. Some of these men walked to the rehearsals at Fulham from outlying districts many miles distant, and had then to tramp back home again. One man walked seven miles each way every day, and sometimes earned only a shilling. Not the slightest consideration appears to have been given to the fact that numbers of these men were terribly hungry, and could not afford to pay for refreshment. We are told that on one day, after a seven hours' rehearsal, the men were informed that they could leave the grounds for ten minutes to get a cup of tea, but as a large proportion of them were without money, the privilege was not generally appreciated. True, a pavilion was opened in the grounds, but when one or two men who had a copper to spare ventured to inquire whether they could have a cup of tea for a penny, they were scornfully driven off by the Grand Duchesses and Serene Highnesses, who were disguised as waitresses. Surely the provision of a cup of tea and a slice or two of bread-and-butter for the processionists would not have imposed an excessive strain on the funds at the disposal of the high ecclesiastical dignitaries who promoted the pageant. After all, true religion begins in the stomach.

Apropos our recent paragraph respecting the German boy at the Osborne Naval College, one of our readers states that, having recently had business relations with the Wilkinson Sword Company (who supply swords to the British Army and Navy), he found the principal director, and also one of the leading officials of the Company, were Germans, and he asks whether we think it right that a firm "which is in close touch with the officers of our Army and Navy should be engineered by foreigners." The answer is in the negative.

There is something so pitifully heartless about that prosecution of the blind Runcorn hawker for keeping a dog without a licence that it is somewhat difficult to write with restraint about it. But one thing at least is obvious; the Superintendent of Police must have been badly in want of a job to drag the poor sightless fellow, necessarily hard put to it to get a living at the best of times, into court on such a charge. The man said that, though it was true he did not need the dog in the town, which he well knew, he kept it expressly to guide him in the country, for in the winter when the snow was on the ground he could not hear any sounds about him, and without the dog he might run into dead walls or other obstacles. The chairman of the magistrates interposed with the remark that he had often seen the man, but never with a dog. But it is not necessary for a blind man to show that he always needs his dog for guidance. The law merely demands that he shall keep and use it solely for that purpose. Where he knows a district well, he may not need his dog at all in normal conditions; but in unfamiliar districts, or in conditions which render him almost helpless by deadening sound, he may have to keep a dog solely to guide him. In our view, the prosecution was reprehensibly officious, and the fine of half-a-crown inflicted by the magistrate, though small in itself, one which cannot be justified.

Whatever opinion one may form of the Earl of Tankerville and his merry men, when it comes to defending the family timber, his lordship admitted one thing under cross-examination in the Jones action which arrests attention. He said his experience was that "these preaching and praying people, who boast of their Christianity, are not to be trusted." The Earl had a special reference in mind, but his experience is by no means singular. In general, people who make their "other-worldliness," as George Eliot called it, too obvious, provoke the demand for a big discount on their professions. We have it on classic authority that even the devil can quote Scripture when he likes.

"A very aged cabman" writes to us complaining of what he describes as the "unfair way" in which Lord Rosebery's Cabmen's Fund has been distributed. He states that the original intention of the Fund was to assist aged cabmen and others who have been thrown into pecuniary difficulties owing to the failure of the horse-drawn cab trade, "but it has turned out otherwise." The younger men, he adds, have been assisted to comfortable situations as taxicab drivers at the expense of the elder ones, "a vast number of whom have had no monetary help rendered to them whatever. When they made their claim they were told that no further aid could be given, as the funds were exhausted." According to our correspondent, the effect of the appeal to the public has merely been that of promoting the motor-cab industry, and at the same time "driving nearer to ruin the horse-drawn cab trade and its drivers." It would be interesting to know the exact number of aged men who have been assisted out of the Fund in comparison with those younger ones who are being maintained while learning the chauffeur business.

For a growth in the nose an operation was to have been performed on a youth at the Newcastle Infirmary. At half-past eleven on a Saturday morning his nostrils were packed with lint which had been soaked in a teaspoonful of cocaine hydrochloride as a local anæsthetic. Ten minutes later he entered the operating theatre, feeling "all right," as he said. For a few minutes the doctor in charge of the case then left the room. When he returned, the youth's breathing had become laboured, and presently "he had four convulsive fits and died." At the inquest the medical men called admitted that death was directly due to the absorption of the cocaine in the mucous lining of the nose, and "Nurse Pattison said it had been the practice for the sister and the staff nurse to administer anæsthetics in minor cases." The report does not show whether they did so in this case, but presumably they did; and if they did, was it a competent and careful administration? It is just as easy to make a mistake in minor cases as in major ones; to give a little more of the anæsthetic, for instance, than is needed. In this instance, twenty minutes elapsed between the administration and the time fixed for the operation. These anæsthetic fatalities at hospitals are disturbingly frequent. The Newcastle Infirmary, in allowing its nurses to dose patients, has now reached the limits of confidence. May we hope that it will not overstep them by entrusting the work to the door-porters?

Will the many medical men, poor-law officers, and others who have written to us on one side or the other concerning the strange case of Dr. Morgan, of West Hartlepool, be good enough to accept our assurance that it is not out of any discourtesy to them, or with a desire to burk an interesting polemic in the humanities, that we refrain from publishing their letters? We have allowed epistles to appear traversing our own point of view, and, therefore, "this correspondence must now cease," as the daily editors would say. This word will we add. A long and interesting letter from Dr. Richard Bevan, of West Kensington, relates personal experiences of the ingratitude and meanness of many persons who call in medical men to their aid. With almost all he says we have no quarrel. Indeed, in our original letter to Dr. Morgan we covered much of the same ground. The specific question we put, however, is not answered. Should a doctor, not only as a doctor, but as a man, refuse to render humane service in grave emergency without a fee being guaranteed? We think not, and we have given reasons for thinking not. Probably most doctors think not. If there be others who think otherwise, then all that seems necessary to add is that we regret it. And thus an end.

The Miniature Rifle scandal is even worse than we imagined. The policy of the Society has been to convert English Martinis by the provision of Belgian barrels whilst our own gunmakers are walking the streets in search of work. It is bad enough to see dear, kind, pious Lord Roberts' name used as a trade-mark on ten-a-penny targets to be shot at by foreign bullets. But we should not be surprised to hear that the targets themselves are made in Germany. The fact is, the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs is neither more nor less than a shabby trading concern. They are hucksters of every possible appurtenance, down to rubber stamps, rangoon oil and "special note headings of artistic designs." So, hurrah for Bobs and miniature patriotism!

"A Protestant" has been writing to a Manchester paper to complain against the sale of intoxicating liquors on long-distance trains.

> To the infinite surprise of the writer he has found hidden away in the second schedule of the Finance Bill now before the House of Commons an insidious proposal to legalise and so reward these malpractices by the grant of an Excise licence to sell all intoxicants in dining cars at the ridiculously low charge of £1 per annum—say two-thirds of a penny per day. The peace and safety of an entire corridor train may be imperilled, terrible accidents may result, and young inexperienced persons going from home for the first time with money in their pockets and time on their hands may succumb to temptation and all their future life be blighted.

Oh! dear, oh! dear, these muddy-minded cranks do keep us busy, don't they?

"Who is the chap talking to the jury?" asked the prisoner in the dock, the other day, of the warder at his side. "Why, that's your counsel," was the reply. "Plausible sort of cove, ain't he?" said the prisoner.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE TEMPERANCE PARTY WHO WOULDNT HEAR OF CONTRIBUTING TOWARDS THE REVENUE BY A TAX ON *NON*-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For making a PRESENT *of £20 to the fireman on board the British steamer "Woodburn," who was wounded by a shell, fired without provocation or excuse by a Russian torpedo boat,*
THE CZAR OF RUSSIA
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "there is no uncertainty at all as to what is meant by minerals,"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the death of a "veteran head billiard marker," and adding the words "Gone for the long rest,"
THE FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the Notts man DROPPED DEAD *and signalled Oates to come to the wicket,"*
THE BRISTOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising "*GENUINE SALE. *The first after 46 years in business,"*
JOHN BOYD, OF 272, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For announcing that a "*SILVER BRASS *band will play,"*
THE WHITLEY SEASIDE CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that an inn had "three FRONT *doors, but one was a* BACK *door,"*
SERGEANT HASTWELL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising a school "for sons of gentlemen under 12 *years of age,"*
MR. S. H. HWFA BROOKE, OF EASTBOURNE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Reid took 72 STROKES FOR THE SEVENTEENTH HOLE, *which sufficed for him to win the last match against John Park,"*
THE SUNDAY TIMES' GOLF EXPERT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "after the decree nisi was granted the husband DRIED HIS EARS,"
THE WEEKLY DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving the result of the Westwood Plate at Beverley Races as "won by a DEAD HEAT,"
THE HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS EVENING ARGUS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For inviting the public to shave with "*NEW *safety razors" and announcing that "they have* STOOD THE TEST FOR 20 YEARS,"
GEORGE WILSON, OF NORTH SHIELDS,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "No greater man had left England's shores than Crediton's own Boniface, the TWELVE THOUSANDTH ANNIVERSARY *of whose admission to the priesthood the present year probably was,"*
THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Newcastle, and a parade of friendly societies,"
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for a housekeeper "for two BACHELOR *gentlemen (father and son),"*
COLLINS' AGENCY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

"THE GREAT WHITE CITY."

MR. KIRALFY AND HIS EXHIBITORS.

In our last issue we directed attention to the fact that boys employed by various exhibitors at the White City Exhibition had to pay 10s. for a ticket of admission, and that in some cases the whole wages of the week had not amounted to more than 5s., of which 2s. 6d. had been deducted on account of this admission ticket.

This week we direct attention to this new charge as it affects exhibitors. Among these exhibitors were Jeyes' Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., and to their surprise they were requested to pay this charge of 10s. They refused, whereupon Mr. Kiralfy, in repeating the demand, directed their attention to the last of the "Rules and Regulations for Concessionaires, Exhibitors, and Others," being Rule 26, from which we take the following :—

> One non-transferable pass for admission to the Exhibition will be issued to each Concessionaire, and the Concessionaire shall purchase from the company for each *bona-fide* employee connected with the Concession non-transferable passes at half the rate charged to the public for season tickets.

Mr. Kiralfy insisted that this regulation bound Jeyes', as he insisted when other companies and firms protested against the charge. In most cases his contention has been allowed, since although probably none of the companies concerned had read this small type regulation, they were none the less bound by it. Messrs. Jeyes', however, continued to refuse to pay on the ground that in forwarding their Application Form for space they stated that :—

> Such application is subject to the cost of —— being inclusive of all charges, that is, no extra for police or any other charges whatever will be imposed.

Replying to this communication Mr. T. D. Morson, speaking for Mr. Kiralfy, wrote :—

> I am duly in receipt of yours of the 8th, and beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of your application form for space duly filled in, and note your remarks.

Messrs. Jeyes' hold that this was an acceptance of the conditions named in their previous communication, but on June 8th they received from Mr. Imre Kiralfy himself a letter in which he writes :—

> I beg to advise that neither Mr. Morson nor anyone else has the right to change the rules and regulations of the Exhibition. I therefore regret that we cannot modify these conditions with your firm.

Messrs. Jeyes' were so disgusted that they wrote intimating that they were content to lose the money they had paid for space if they were allowed to withdraw their exhibit forthwith. After some further correspondence Mr. Imre Kiralfy wrote under date June 17th :—

> I have given permission for the removal of your goods from Building No. 19, and you may therefore proceed to do this during such hours as the Exhibition is closed to the public.

So ends Messrs. Jeyes' connection with this miserable frost of an exhibition.

Spratts' Limited, the Gas Light and Coke Company, and many other companies have all protested against the charge for admission of employees, but inasmuch as they did not cover themselves, as Messrs. Jeyes' did, they have to submit to the charge, but they are all heartily sick of the Exhibition, which is in fact, from the exhibitors' point of view, an absolute failure.

DECORATIVE ARTS SECTION.

With reference to a remark in our issue of June 12th, in which we referred to the then condition of the Exhibition, and stated that "the Art Palace of last year is devoted to Decorative Arts, but it was closed and very nearly empty," it has been represented to us that our contributor was misled. He mistook a large room in which there were some odd pieces of sculpture for the actual rooms which were behind, and which were closed to the public on the day of the opening. As a matter of fact, the centre gallery is quite full of sculpture by many of the best known sculptors in England, and the surrounding rooms are filled with a really excellent exhibition of armour, both old and modern, and perhaps the finest exhibition of carved work which has ever been brought together. We may refer also to the Persian rugs, which are very fine. We should be very sorry if the misconception on the part of our representative prejudiced the chances of some excellent British firms, who have put up exhibits at great expense to themselves, and which are well worth seeing.

THE CASE OF LYONS'S WAITRESSES.

We hear that, on account of the poor business being done, 96 waitresses at Lyons's establishments in the "Great White City" have been returned to the shops whence they came. All the "seaters"—the attendants whose duty it is to direct patrons to seats—have also left, as well as some of the manageresses and other officials.

We are told that payment for the first week's work was 4s. short, it being stated that the firm could not afford to give anticipated wages. In consequence, many of the waitresses, who do not leave the Exhibition till 11.15 p.m., have not the means to take rooms in the neighbourhood, and, though living in such distant places as Edmonton and Homerton, have to journey to and fro daily. In view of the early hour they have to be on duty next day, this means that the girls get but four or five hours for sleep—to say nothing of recreation.

THE ORKNEY OYSTER FISHERIES.

Our readers may remember that we had something to say last year upon a Bill at that time before Parliament intended to enable a syndicate to obtain a concession giving them for 60 years the sole right of fishing in about eight square miles of oyster water in the Bays of Firth and Isbister, in Orkney Waters. We urged Parliament to refuse to sanction the Order on the ground that it was opposed to the interests of the fishermen and crofters of the Orkneys, and that it would deprive these men of valuable rights which they and their ancestors have enjoyed from time immemorial. The Government were induced to take this view of the matter, and the Secretary for Scotland intimated that the business would not be proceeded with in the current session. We now learn that Mr. Wason, M.P., and those who are acting with him in the matter, are about to make another attempt to induce Parliament to sanction the concession, but we hope that the Government will ot be persuaded to reconsider their decision. This is essentially a matter for the fishermen and crofters interested. If they are willing to give up their rights to fish in the Bays, well and good, but our information is that an immense majority of them are strongly opposed to any such surrender. Our advice to those who are acting for them in London is to obtain a genuine petition from the fishing and crofting population of the district, which by the number of its signatures shall make it plain to the Government that Mr. Wason and his associates in the venture have not the support of any but a very small minority of the Orkney people.

TWO VIEWS OF SMITH.

(For downright fraudulent dishonesty, bolstered with spoken and written lies on the part of outwardly decorous folk, let the tax-gatherer testify.—A barrister in the *Leader*.)

My View :
I'm proud to be acquainted with
The honest, upright Mr. Smith,
Who says his rule is once a week
At least to hear a parson speak.
His business friends
All proudly say
He never bends
From Virtue's way.
And even business foes declare
The blows he deals are always fair.
In short, it's men like Mr. Smith
That Britain should be peopled with.

The Tax-gatherer's View :
My nerves are nearly worn out with
The task of checking Mr. Smith,
Who "cooks" his figures till they show
An income sorrowfully low ;
And meanly plots
To keep from me
His secret pots
Of L.S.D.
O how he hides the minor ways
That tend the total sum to raise!
In short, it's men like Mr. Smith
That prisons should be peopled with.

J. G. B.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

BY A. LEONARD SUMMERS.

There are, of course, various kinds of humour, as well as alleged humour—especially alleged humour—and most of the true species appeal to those who are fortunate enough to possess the necessary observation and power of perception to penetrate their outer crust and decipher the meaning concealed within. Those lacking a sense of humour deserve our sincere sympathy.

The alleged humour, that which is supposed to be of the genuine variety and impudently made to pass for such upon the music-hall stage, is frequently not humour at all, but merely vulgarity or absurdity—often combined—neither of which can be defined as funny. There is a wide distinction between fun and sheer nonsense, and the one cannot be substituted for the other with a discriminating public. Unfortunately, however, at music-halls there is always a large indiscriminating public which entirely fails to detect the fraud. That nonsensical and absurd rubbish should be foisted upon us for humour is an outrage upon our intelligence, and the attempt should certainly be treated to the cold contempt it merits, and even held up to ridicule, which soon kills. The childish, nay, idiotic twaddle of some of our prominent "comedians" when dispensing this alleged humour is painful in the extreme, and the applause it obtains is quite amazing. These would-be humorists come dangerously near to the imbecillic, whereas the person with a sense of real humour is one of the sanest people in the world, and the least likely ever to lose his reason. The man with a saving sense of humour is so well balanced mentally, that he can discover the humorous side of everything, even tragedy, and would be certain to maintain his mental equilibrium at the most critical moment.

Of all the humour that can be honestly classed as humour, the very best, undoubtedly, is Unconscious Humour, because of its natural simplicity and absolute genuineness. Nobody can fail to recognise or appreciate its unforced and truly delightful situations; their spontaneity is refreshing and infectious, captivating us instantly, while their mirth-compelling quality places them far before the manufactured fun.

For instance, take the following delicious sample of an advertisement I came across the other day outside a City bootshop:—"Genuine Sale—First for 7 years," or the over-anxious tradesman who so good-naturedly, if unwisely, advised prospective clients, "Don't go elsewhere to be swindled—step inside." There's simple, honest candour for you! And both of these worthies were in deadly earnest and thoroughly convinced of their own integrity and alertness, you may be sure, as was the little stationer and printer who advertised: "Cheap stationery—very cheap," and wondered why there was not more demand for it.

By the way, much unconscious humour reveals itself in advertisements, which probably yield some of the choicest examples. One we often see runs thus:—

"Pictorial Postcards.—Charming actresses all hand-coloured."

Distinctly libellous of the fair creatures, of course, but it speaks eloquently for itself.

A rather witty advertisement, and one of national importance, is that of a trade paper, which reads:—

"What the Empire Needs—
COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE."

Our contemporary's cynicism suggests that it has discovered the secret of our declining trade, and apparently endorses the crushing opinion of Carlyle that England's millions are still "mostly fools"! It may be nearer the truth than we care to admit.

He must be a born humorist whose advertisement I notice on the tail end of motor omnibuses:—

"——'s Disinfectant,"

whilst the theatrical manager responsible for advertising the Bernard Shaw plays on the sides of those unruly monsters evidently realised their uncertainty by placarding them with, "You Never Can Tell."

"Man Shot in the West End," said a mysterious placard, one evening, and people were asking one another which part of his anatomy was injured.

Newspaper placards are particularly entertaining and rich in unconscious humour, and I can quite appreciate the discrimination of the gentleman who sent his child back to the newsagent to change a halfpenny paper for the contents-bill, which he maintained had more news on it than the newspaper itself did.

Official and other public notices contribute largely to the welcome fund of unconscious humour, as I will endeavour to show.

Of the millions of people who have passed and repassed a public-house at the corner of a street off Regent Street, I wonder how many have observed the name of the street on a tablet affixed to the house referred to. It says: "Swallow Place." And no description fits it neater.

We owe our deep gratitude to the sadly-afflicted Strand organ-grinder, who displayed the pathetic but amusing announcement on a card: "Kind Friends, I am paralysed and the father of 14 children through a horrible accident." Really, this is almost rich enough to award him substantial compensation for his awful calamity.

I fear that many folks who compose public notices must be utterly devoid of humour themselves, otherwise their own concoctions would strike them forcibly as they do me. Only a few days ago I passed a conspicuous "notice" over the open cellar in front of a shop, which politely intimated, "No admittance this way." The statement was superfluous to anyone not prepared for the rude jar of a twelve-foot drop! Again, this melancholy announcement recently appeared in a Newgate Street window:—

"Removed to St. Paul's Churchyard
(*Few doors further South*)."

The italics are admittedly my own, to signify the gravity of the last sentence. It suggests compulsory retirement at least.

Here are two curious advertisements:—

"Woman wants sit. in shop; sleep out." (Evidently she was tired of standing.)

"Baker, young, abstainer, reliable married man; can set.—A., &c." (This young man should be decidedly useful on a poultry farm.)

But perhaps children are the principal source of the best examples of unconscious humour; their innocence of generalities makes it inevitable.

A small boy was with his father in the London Coliseum the other evening, and they occupied seats immediately in front of me. The proud parent was taking a fatherly interest in his youngster's story-book, and the boy whispered to him confidentially, "Father, teacher won't allow us to read love stories."

"No? Why not?" enquired the parent.

"Because she says they make us *bloodthirsty*" answered the little fellow, who looked indignantly round at the titterers, and promptly turned to a soothing substitute concerning a man-eating tiger.

And who can resist a smile at the prayer of the cockney schoolboy: "Lead us not into Thames Station"?

"The marriage customs of the Greeks were that a man should only have one wife, and they called it Monotony," declared one youngster, who seemed to have acquired mature inspiration rather eagerly. It was this same knowing one, I believe, who, when asked "Who was sorry when the prodigal son returned?"—replied, "The fatted calf."

When asked by his teacher, "What are the three great evils that it was promised for you in your baptism that you would fight against?" a promising youngster answered:

"My godfathers and my godmother."

And it was a mercy that he didn't extend the list to his future mother-in-law!

The following answer by an imaginative boy of seven to the question of an inspector, must have startled the latter:—

Inspector: "If I dig right through the earth, what shall I come to?"

Child: "The devil and all his works."

Australia might feel hurt over this!

Little Boy (reading): "She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank——"

Teacher: "Why did the husband rush to the bank?"

Boy: "Please, sir, to get the insurance money."

That lad will get on, rest assured; his financial instinct is beautifully developed.

Parents sometimes give us capital instances of the best in unconscious humour, as the following epistles show:—

"Dere Miss,—Pleas excuse mary been late she as been out on a herring."

"Dere Sir,—Pleas exceuse Harry. He addent no trouses and es father wouddent let him come without any."

"Dear Madam,—Jane has had to stop home as I have had twins. *It shan't occur again.*"

"IN THE AIR."

NOTES ON AVIATION.

By W. PARKER.

Wilbur Wright's Opinion.

The taciturnity of the Wrights gives their opinions—when they give any—a positive value, and so we are entitled to congratulate ourselves over a recent remark of Wilbur's on the subject of practical flight in England. He is responsible for the statement that in his opinion England would prove to be the best market in the world for aeroplanes. While we thought he was over here more or less for the purpose of disposing of his rights, he was in reality sizing us up as possible clients, and his best expectations were evidently fulfilled, for he had given no concession or shown any disposition to allow us to build his planes on a royalty basis. On the contrary he has given an order to Messrs. Short for six biplanes of his own type, and is disposing of them himself to purchasers. We shall follow the march of the automobile in all probability and be able to show at the end of a few years a larger number of flying machines in the hands of private individuals than will exist in any other country. Capital may be shy for the moment, but even the French will ultimately find that if we are slower in coming into the game we mean real business when we do. I have had some personal experience of the inflated ideas some of the French constructors have on the subject of our ability to pay vast sums for exclusive concessions, but unless they are extremely lucky they will have to bring their demands down to a reasonable figure at once or see us working on planes and designs of our own which will be found quite equal to the best of theirs.

Aeroplane Patents.

Just yet all of us are too busy learning to build and experiment with aeroplanes to do anything but register patents one week and improve on them the next. There will be a day soon, however, when the validity of some of them will have to stand the test of law. The time may come when the Wrights may have some say in this matter. So broad are their patents that it is hard to see how any feasible aeroplane can be constructed which will not in some way trespass on their claims. The recent trouble in the motor world over the De Dion and Mercedes patents is a case in point on this side of the Atlantic and the great Selden controversy in America is another. It is to be, hoped we shall escape, but the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which is as yet below the horizon may become ominous in the near future! What a feast for the lawyers it will be and what a branch of specialization for the industrious junior of a decade hence. We shall all be flying by then, however, lawyers and all, and by the time we have obliterated our national boundaries we may have also learnt to mitigate the rigours of international patent law as well as many other troublesome anomalies.

National Modesty.

For a nation supposed to be inordinately conservative and more than a bit self-sufficient, we certainly laugh at ourselves a good deal. We have been making fun of Colonel Cody's mishaps with his all-British aeroplane at Aldershot, for months past. This is scarcely fair, and so far from showing any crass self-sufficiency on our part, it argues rather the reverse. The much-abused plane is, as a matter of fact, a splendidly constructed piece of work, and its motor, more than any fault of design in the general outlines, has been the cause of its partial failure. Self-depreciating Britons should see some of the rubbish made abroad, crude in construction, built solely by the time-honoured rule of thumb, and altogether more useless and ridiculous than anything in the same line we have attempted ourselves. There are dozens of them hiding in barns and garages in France and Germany and in America, too, which have never flown and never will fly till the proverbial pig grows wings. Let us take heart of grace anyhow and not fall into our constant error of taking everything foreign at its own glorious and over-inflated valuation. Because for the moment Aldershot cannot compare in sensational achievements with Chalons, there is no necessity for us to start out on this new campaign for the conquest of the air with an acute sense of grovelling inferiority. There is already as much activity and brains engaged on aviation in England as there is in any other country, and this energy will tell in the long run where the art of practical flight is concerned. In a couple of years at most, flying will be the monopoly of no country. We are approaching the subject in a different and less sensational way, that is all.

ASCOT.

By JIM CROW.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

Oblivious of discomforts on previous years, I was induced by a sunny and balmy morning to wend my way to the racecourse at Ascot. At Waterloo Station I found a crowd of sightseers gaping at me and at various other types of beauty and fashion, bound for the great sporting carnival. Policemen were engaged in keeping back the vulgar herd as they do when Royalty opens Parliament in person, or a celebrated statesman is wed. Surely, methought, a railway station being private property, travellers ought not to be inconvenienced by congregations of the idle.

THE APPROACH TO ASCOT.

Ascot racecourse is reached by a long, steep covered way, which soon grows very dirty and dusty. Importunate beggars are stationed in adjoining fields, and emit raucous appeals for alms, or insincere invocations of good luck. But perhaps the worst annoyance is that occasioned by the jostling, smoking, evil-smelling, perspiring racegoers, who press forward without showing the faintest consideration to the daintiest of the fair. Grimy coats brush roughly against cream chiffons or cœrulean silks. One lady of my acquaintance had her flounces torn six times by heavy hoofs and then burned by the smouldering end of a cigarette. On the way back, after the races, the chaos is even worse. A free fight occurred on the steps up to the platform, where the officials had deliberately shut gates so that passengers could only pass in one at a time. I marvelled at the patience of the crowd, which should have asserted itself by breaking down the barrier.

A SOCIETY SCRIMMAGE.

Rudeness and roughness, however, were not confined to the democracy. Gilded youths and plethoric matrons can push and elbow and scowl and growl as savagely as any assemblage of costers. The various exits at Ascot are utterly inadequate, and the upper ten have not apparently acquired the rudiments of queue-forming: they all rush and tumble together at a gate like a flock of sheep. Give me rather the hurly-burly of a dog-fight.

BARMECIDE FEASTS.

Perhaps these smart hooligans show to the very least advantage when overtaken by the pangs of hunger. They grow almost fierce in their fights for access to the silly little kiosks where luncheon-tickets are issued. Nor are their palates sufficiently educated for them to resent the muck which is served up to them in the guise of a meal. Previous experience kept me off the five-shilling garbage this year, but I was weak enough to partake of an eighteenpenny tea. This consisted of a washy brown beverage of suspicious saltness, thin milk, thick stale bread-and-butter, and slabs of rancid cake, such as no self-respecting school-treat would tolerate. The crockery was chipped and common, the table-cloth was covered with foul stains, the waiters were raw and careless and greedy. After I had given one of them sixpence, I was stopped by another at the gate, rattling a box and insolently demanding a gift. Seeing that plain, decent food is obtainable at most race-meetings, it is surprising that such shortcomings should be endured at the alleged centre of fashion and elegance.

RAIMENT *v.* RACES.

The whole system of charges at Ascot is absurd. On most days you pay ten shillings to enter the Grand Stand. This is not enough, for the rough element is not excluded. You pay an extra pound to be made free of the paddock. Access to bookmakers is so troublesome that many never even have a bet. As for the racing, unless you are in the Royal box, you scarcely see anything at all. Wedged in behind ramparts of picture-hats, you are very lucky if you catch so much as a glimpse of the horses as they flit past the lawn. There is no chance of reading a race intelligently or adding to your theories of form. No, no, the only things which anyone need hope to study or admire at Ascot are a few examples of French finery. And these are to be found in Downing Street without all the labour and sorrow of a pilgrimage to the worst race-meeting in the world.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page iii. of Cover.

In the HOTTEST Weather

Stephens' *Ink*

keeps perfectly fluid.

N. B. FOR SAFETY Stephens' Ink is preferably supplied in STONE bottles, but it is also issued in GLASS bottles (32ozs., 16ozs., 8ozs., 4ozs.) in corrugated cartons to reduce risk of breakage.

MARRIED WOMEN OR CATTLE?

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF SOLDIERS' WIVES.

By "Ex-Non-Com."

This is the age of the progressive, intellectual woman, who is competing with man in the world's markets, demanding equality of wages, legal and domestic rights, and Parliamentary representation. Trustful repose in man's traditional consideration for the weaker sex is giving place to insistence on "rights" and business equity. The chance to be chivalrous is being denied to all save established authorities, at whose mercy certain sections of women are still bound. See how the Army "heads" respond to their sacred trust!

There surely never was a time when women were more at the mercy of male superiors, and when chivalry had a chance to shine, than in the case of soldiers' wives ordered on long voyages at the whim of the authorities. The latter fact should alone ensure some measure of human consideration for the women and their children; yet what do we find? Conditions obtain on board our army transports that would humble in the dust the spirit of any woman of delicacy and refinement; the treatment accorded steerage passengers on an emigrant ship could not be worse. There is no official recognition of the fact that all soldiers' wives at sea need equal consideration, in that they are asked equally to brave the perils and inconveniences inseparable from such an existence; but they are sharply divided into classes according to the rank of their husbands, and while the higher class have nothing to complain of, the treatment accorded to the lower, that is, the wives of colour-sergeants and all below that rank, is on a par with that given cattle. The conditions for the colour-sergeant's wife, however delicate she may be, differ little from those of the private soldier.

The sleeping accommodation consists of wooden bunks ranged one on top of the other close along the sides and centre of the vessel. One pillow and two blankets (three during the winter months) for a woman, or two children between the ages of one and ten years, is the only bedding allowance; a boy over ten years of age is given a hammock and two blankets. The space allowed, however, is so inadequate that children are often driven to sleep in the narrow gangways; and the same room has to serve for meals. Tables are swung from the roof, and the utensils are the commonest imaginable—thick, unwieldy, and of tin. Over the meals it would be best to draw a veil. Stodgy porridge, bread and a scraping of butter, and inky, stewed, unmilked tea form the breakfast; pea soup and salted pork, or greasy slabs of preserved beef, with soapy potatoes cooked in their skins, and served up in a net, form the average dinner; tea consists of whatever bread is left from breakfast, with an apology for butter, and more inky slush. Nothing further is allowed—*but*, the cooks, butchers, bakers, and members of the crew surreptitiously reap splendid harvests from the sale of food at fabulous prices. The ablution accommodation is so insufficient, and the water is laid on for such short, regulated periods, that the women have to wait their turn to wash, and children often have to go without entirely.

But the interfering, impertinent, inhuman regulations to which the women are subject are the chief cause for complaint. To have to fold blankets in a certain way and lay out table utensils each morning for the quartermaster's inspection is a specimen of irritating red-tape supervision to which soldiers' wives become habituated in barracks. But that is the least of the evils. A sentry is posted at the entrance to the married women's quarters by day and night, his orders being to allow no one, not even the husbands, except at stated periods during the day, to enter. He is able to see right into the apartment; and single soldiers are selected for the duty!

Again, at the first note of reveille, six a.m., the women and children, whatever their physical condition, are forced to leave their berths and remain on deck until 10.30 a.m., whilst soldiers clean up the place ready for the commanding officer's inspection! The strain and acute discomfort which such an arbitrary, unfeeling rule imposes on the women of weak constitution can be imagined. The strain imposed on the self-control of the sturdy, independent, free-thinking woman must be even more acute.

There is no place of retirement for the women, the only other place of accommodation being a section of the upper deck not nearly so big or so favourably placed as that for the score of officers. Indeed, on one transport which recently reached England a large portion of the wives' below-deck accommodation was appropriated by the officers and turned into a music and dancing room. No amusements, however, are provided for the women and children, as is the case on all large liners; and another meddling, high-handed regulation requires them all to repair below at 8 p.m.!

The conditions are such as would raise a public outcry if they obtained on any emigrant vessel, and would, if offered to third-class passengers, kill outright any shipping firm. The worst disclosures of any yet made on this subject is that soldiers' sons of fourteen and fifteen have had perforce to sleep in the same apartment as the married women!

The most elementary decency and respect for womenkind demands that an immediate stop be put to this national scandal. That there has hitherto not been the outcry that would have wrought reform by the force of public opinion must be attributed to the fact that the hands of soldiers' wives are tied: they are governed through their husbands! Their tame submissiveness to every ill is the price they must pay for their husbands' peace of mind. Similarly, the sojourn afloat has come to be regarded as a temporary, necessary evil—the price of the subsequent pleasure of setting foot in England; abroad, there is no means of ventilation. A show is made of enquiring if there are any complaints; but it is a hollow, aching farce, and the reports are always complacently pigeon-holed at the War Office.

The soldier's wife is under no sort of military compact; she incurs no obligation to render obedience to military masters. The authorities are, indeed, her debtors; for she ensures the steadiness and continuance in service of her husband; her sons become the salt of the army; and in return she gets neither rations nor pay at home stations; military considerations absolutely ignore her, and she may be separated from her husband for weeks at a moment's notice; she is forced to submit to pettifogging inspections of her quarters; and attempts have even been made to prescribe religion for her—to force her to attend church—irrespective of the needs of her home—like a convict. She has no spokeswoman, no power of reaching Press or Parliament, and, as has been shown above, the authorities take advantages of her helplessness in a way that no workhouse bumble would dare to imitate! Is this unceremonious treatment of her due to Governmental cheeseparing, or to the lack of common chivalry in Army officials? Will no one have spirit enough to insist that she be treated as her sex and national importance demand? The more charitable construction is that War Office ignorance, and not folly, is at the root of the trouble; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the publicity now afforded this outrage on soldiers' wives will bring about its speedy cessation.

HERE'S A PRETTY "MESS"!

Here is a nice little story, sent us by a Weymouth reader. What says Mr. Haldane?

Probably if the following facts are brought before the eyes of the public, the officers concerned may take greater interest in the men under their command.

In 30 Coy., R.G.A., stationed at Weymouth, the most disgusting form of messing is in vogue. It takes the form of two men taking their meals off the one plate and drinking from the same basin.

There is no inspection of the meals during the week by the Orderly Officer, hence the state of affairs.

The men are taken out by boat to the forts for night-firing on the average twice per week, returning about 12.30 a.m. No provision is made for any refreshments, which means that from 4 p.m. till 7 a.m. the following morning they have to man the guns, carry out night practice and retire upon an empty stomach. No refreshments are obtainable at the forts.

The canteen pays 1s. 6d. per man per month for rebate, and only 3d. per man finds its way into the men's messing books.

A contract has been made for the purchase of the refuse from the men's tables, but not a penny of this is credited to the men, although it belongs to them.

The result is, bad messing, constant complaints, and no satisfaction.

You would throw away the razor you now use, no matter what it cost, if you knew the luxury and convenience of the

Auto Strop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself

The only safety razor that does not involve continual expense for new blades.

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AMONG THE LAWYERS.

STAMP DUTY ON ARTICLES.

We have frequently observed that the legal profession is the strongest and most exclusive trade union in the world. Everything is done to keep it in as few hands as possible. Take the case of the stamp duty on law students' articles. The other day Mr. Bottomley asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer "whether he will consider the desirableness of reducing the stamp duty of £80 at present payable by a person entering into articles for the purpose of becoming a solicitor, in order that men duly qualified by education and experience may not be debarred through lack of means from entering the profession." But Mr. Lloyd George "does not see his way." Isn't it about time somebody showed it him?

A LIBEL APPEAL.

A correspondent directs our attention to the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice in the action of Pape *v.* O'Driscoe. In this case a jury had given a verdict for £3,000 for libel. This verdict was appealed against on the ground that there was want of evidence, and that the damages were excessive. In the course of his summing-up the Lord Chief Justice made the following observations:—

> It was most unjust to the summing-up to say that the Judge made the remark that the jury were to treat the plaintiff as an honest man. That was for the jury to consider. Plaintiff's claim was for £10,000. If the Plaintiff's character had been above suspicion the amount awarded by the jury would not have been a sufficient sum.

This seems to us a strange and most disturbing doctrine. A man believes himself to have been libelled, or claims that he has been libelled, and puts damages at £10,000. his main object, presumably, being not to make money out of the action, but to vindicate his character. A jury give him £3,000—a pretty substantial solatium—but, according to the Lord Chief Justice, the verdict does not vindicate his character. He asked for £10,000, the jury gave him less than a third, *ergo*, the jury considered that he is not above suspicion. Upon that theory Counsel may well always appeal to juries to give the full amount claimed, or, at any rate, a very substantial portion of it, since if they only give a third it will not be enough, in the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice of England, to clear the plaintiff of suspicion. To tell a jury that if they want to clear a man's character they must give him the major portion of any damages he may choose to ask seems to us to be essentially unfair to the defendant.

COMPANIES' WINDING-UP IN SCOTLAND.

We recently called attention to the scandalous delays which occur in the Winding-Up Department of the Board of Trade. But according to a Scottish reader, things are much worse north of the Tweed, where there is "a deplorable slackness of the permanent officials in the Register House, Edinburgh, whereby accountants and solicitors are allowed to live on the assets of a limited company for 30 years! There are dozens of liquidations open to-day where the creditors were paid off in full 20 years ago, and the liquidators and the solicitors have been living on the assets ever since, *but not one penny has ever reached the shareholders*. In one case it has taken over 15 years to liquidate a company that had not been in business 16 *months*." We will put a question to the Lord Advocate on the matter.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Recovery of £50.—Marsuma (Grimsby).—It is wasting your time, as well as our own, to write a letter like that under reply. How can we possibly tell you whether you can recover £50, which, as you say, you were induced to put into a private company, unless you give us particulars?

Action of Moneylenders.—H. D. (Bow).—We are inclined to think that, if your friend made application to a Court, she might get relief on the ground that the interest charged is "unconscionable."

Divorce Proceedings.—Footsore (Lambeth).—You seem to have behaved very weakly in the matter. We do not know what you can do other than commence divorce proceedings, unless, as a preliminary, you give the man a hiding—a suggestion we must not make.

Claim to Estate.—W. G.—We cannot undertake to go through your documents for the purpose of forming an opinion as to whether you are likely to be able to maintain your claim to the Llandaff estate. A claim of the kind is one of the most troublesome of all to substantiate, and it would be useless for you to commence proceedings unless you can arrange for their proper conduct by a legal firm of repute.

Income Tax.—Howick (Natal).—Any person residing in England whose income is more than £160 a year must pay income tax, no matter whence the income is derived, and, if the income is from investments, and is therefore "unearned," it is liable to tax at 1s. 2d. in the £. There are certain abatements according to the amount of the income.

Tenancy.—W. R. (Charlton).—There is an agreement for a yearly tenancy, and it can only be terminated by six months' notice, expiring at midsummer.

Income Tax.—Carbon.—If you explain the alteration in income to the surveyor of taxes, you can get re-assessed.

Pigeons Trespassing.—J. R. C. C.—Your only course is to bring an action in the County Court for an injunction. The cost to the owner of the pigeons would probably result in him keeping them under control.

Life Interest.—Gregory.—So soon as the charges on the fund have been paid off, it will become the duty of the trustees to pay the money to the wife and children, but we do not see how you can claim anything.

Bicycle Purchase.—C. H.—They can summon you for non-compliance with the terms of the agreement, but, as they have detained the cycle, they would not succeed.

Moneylending.—Edlite.—The woman is probably an unregistered moneylender. You should communicate the facts to the police. She could not recover any of her loans if she does not lend the money in her registered name at her registered place of business.

Partnership.—Business.—You are both engaged in a partnership, and you are entitled to your share of the business. The Partnership Act, 1890, settles this for you without any deed.

Composition with Creditors.—Beach.—The majority decide. The trustee would not settle your claim in full.

Property Left by Will.—J. W. (Reading).—The will is quite valid. The effect you mention is just what the testator is entitled to carry out.

Right to Property.—R. F. A. (Charlton).—The daughter's husband is not entitled to anything, and, if no will is found, the man's widow and child would take everything.

Debts of Deceased Person.—H. F.—As there is no fund in hand, you would probably get nothing if you succeeded in your action.

Trade Name.—Hadji.—Any person can trade as "—— and Co.," and there is no obligation to register the firm or get a licence. There need be no "Co." at all.

Recovery of Debts.—Violet.—A debt cannot be recovered after the expiration of six years from the date when it was incurred or from the date when it was last acknowledged in writing.

Income Tax.—Darius.—You are entitled to deduct the tax from the ground rent.

Distraint upon Furniture.—T. W. (Leeds).—If the sale was a genuine sale from your aunt to you, the action of the creditor in seizing the furniture was illegal, and you can get redress from the Courts.

Insurance (Glasgow).—If you have the policy of the Mutual Company of New York, you should write to their London office and demand payment of the policy money. If they do not pay, you can bring an action, but, as it is a respectable office, we imagine that any delay is caused by formalities.

Deserted Wife.—Tom Jones (Essex).—If the wife will not accept what the man offers, she can take out a summons and apply to the Justices to make an order for more.

Watch Repairs.—Pigmalion.—You are entitled to act on the terms of your notice, and sell any articles with you, but you will be liable to account to the owner for the difference between what the article in each case sells for and your claim for work done; but you would be entitled to charge the expenses of selling.

Compensation for Accident.—P. E. (Portsmouth).—Your proper course is to begin an action in the County Court against the owners, and claim compensation for the time of incapacity.

Security for Debt.—Constant Reader.—A is entitled to keep B's bicycle as security for the debt.

Widow's Debts.—Anxious (Leicester).—As executor of your father's will, you are not liable for anything beyond the property, and the widow is alone responsible for any debts she incurs after the death of her husband.

Right to Support of Wall.—Eddy (Rhyl).—It has been decided in Hunt *v.* Peake many years ago that an owner has the right to the support for his own land of the land of his neighbour. You have a right of action in the County Court for damages.

Children in Public Bars.—Thirst.—A child may not be put in a jug bar whilst the parent has a drink in another bar. The whole bar must be treated as one.

Dishonoured Cheques.—Nemo.—A banker need not wait till the end of the day, but can return a cheque if at the time it is presented there are no funds to meet it. The bank is not bound to meet a cheque until effects have been cleared, and may mark a cheque "present again" in such case. It may charge what it likes for loans, and is not limited to 1 per cent. over bank rate. Many banks refuse to lend under 5 per cent., though the bank rate may be 2.

Woman's Name for Signature.—T. A. W.—If a woman who had contracted a secret marriage signed her maiden name as a witness to a will, the validity of the will would not be affected.

Intestate Estate.—Eldest Nephew.—The nephews and niece would take the whole of the real estate, and would divide according to their relationship through a brother or sister. The husband would take all the personal estate.

Imprisonment for Debt.—K. D. (Ashford).—A summons would have to be taken out to secure the committal of the debtor, and he could not be arrested without it.

Stamp Dealing.—Boar (Richmond).—You should summon the man for the price of the stamps sold. You should not realise the security, but offer to return it on payment of your debt.

Old Age Pension.—A. H. J. (Lowestoft).—The person would be entitled to an old age pension of 1s. a week if he had assigned his annuity for the benefit of the creditors, and could not get more than £30.

Marriage.—Fidelis.—The discovery would not invalidate the marriage. Suppose, for example, that both were in the same condition.

Maintenance of Mother.—Ajax (Blaina).—The sons cannot be compelled to maintain their mother unless she becomes chargeable to the Guardians of the poor, but, in that case, she would lose her Old Age Pension.

Divorce Law.—Siam.—Desertion by the husband is a ground only for a judicial separation, and will not warrant a divorce, but, if adultery can be proved, in addition to desertion for two years, a divorce will be granted. There must be evidence on oath of some person who knows of the adultery, and an affidavit will not suffice.

Maintenance of Children.—W. M. (Deptford).—The man can be compelled to keep the children.

Qualifications for Inspectorship of Factories.—Inspector (Taltal).—If you apply to the Home Office, London, they will give you all the available information, as the appointments are under that Department. The candidates are nominated for the appointments, and are examined by the Civil Service Commissioners.

Bill of Exchange.—Spike.—It would not be sufficient to have a transaction of the kind carried out by bill as proposed. The best course would be to have a bill payable on demand, and then to have a separate agreement under seal of the parties as to the duration of the loan and the rate and times of payment of interest, and a clause that the bill shall not be presented so long as the terms of the agreement are carried out.

Traveller's Commission.—D. W. F.—Apply to your employers for the sum you reckon to be due to you, and you will then bring matters to a head.

County Court Summons.—Fish.—You should pay into Court what you admit you owe, and then contest the case. If you succeed, they will not recover any costs.

Roller Skating.—Rhondda.—No licence is needed for roller skating rooms, but, if held on licensed premises, the Justices ought to be made aware of the use of the room. You can, of course, charge for skates. Consult the police before you start.

Old Age Pension.—W. A. C. (Kidmore).—The total earnings of the man being 15s. a week, he is not entitled to a pension, even though he has a wife to keep. The income is not divisible, as you suggest, so that only one-half would be reckoned.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE.

A Practical Contribution Specially Written by EUGEN SANDOW.

See if your Illness or Physical Defect is mentioned in these pages, if so, read carefully, because it will show you how to commence curing yourself at once by a method which "Truth" newspaper, after a searching investigation, declares benefits 99 out of every hundred, and completely cures 94 in every hundred persons who take it up. To make it still more useful, Mr. Sandow offers to see any readers of "John Bull" who can call upon him, or to answer by letter those sufferers who desire his special advice upon their own cases.

IN writing these pages of health advice for JOHN BULL readers on how to cure themselves of illness and acquire that most desirable of all possessions, perfect health, I do not propose to argue the value of scientific exercise as a cure, because by now this is well known. What I shall do in these columns is to discuss in a few words several of the most prevalent illnesses and weaknesses of to-day, and show how scientific exercise bears upon each, so that readers who suffer can judge whether or not their own cases can be relieved and cured by this simplest and pleasantest as well as surest of all methods. To make what I state of yet more practical service to my readers, I append an invitation to write to me or call upon me and tell me the details of their ailments, so that I may consider them and give all who desire it my frank opinion upon their chances of a cure in this way, without medicine or drugs or irksome diet restriction.

In case any of the statements seem too hopeful to some sufferers, I would mention that behind what I write are the following substantial guarantees:

(1) Hundreds of medical men throughout the land not only endorse what I say, but come themselves to me to take exercise treatment and send their patients.

(2) *Truth* newspaper has held an investigation into my method of Curative Exercise, and reports that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who follow my advice are benefited, and ninety-four out of every hundred completely cured.

(3) The great Century Insurance Company, of 27, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., has also investigated, and its medical officers find that my patients after the Physical Culture Treatment are not only cured, but made healthier than other people, so that they will insure their lives, or insure them against illness in the future, for a cheaper rate than that at which anyone else can be insured.

THE CURE OF ILLNESS MUST BE AN INDIVIDUAL MATTER.

The old saying, "One man's meat is another man's poison," applies with more force to the cure of illness than to anything else. Now scientific exercise can, by its very nature, be better graduated, directed, controlled, and focussed upon the weak spots of the individual, both external and internal, than can any other healing force known to medical science. Its regulation and application are so elastic that it provides a cure for a weak woman whose whole nervous system is "gone to pieces." A child is prescribed for as efficiently as is a strongly developed, full-grown man who has allowed his digestive system to become undermined. The aged find in scientific exercise just that gentle stimulus which imperceptibly quickens to life lagging functions, but does not harry the organs after the drastic fashion of drugs.

EXPERIENCE IN THE CHOICE OF EXERCISE FOR EACH SUFFERER IS ESSENTIAL.

Whilst bodily movements possess all these unique qualities which make their application to the cure of illness so beneficial, it must not be thought that exercise in a haphazard or general kind of way can be recommended to those who are out of health. On the contrary, the very potency to cure and infinite power of exercise on our bodies makes it most important that in every case a skilled and experienced selection of exercises to exactly suit the sufferer's need shall be secured. The effect must be from time to time supervised, the programme of daily movements altered; in a word, exercise to be curative must be scientific and scientifically applied. The wider my own experience becomes—I have now devoted twenty years of my life to the practice of curative exercise—the more I realise this, and the more successfully do I find myself able to direct sufferers to a cure in the physical culture treatment.

It must be clearly understood that I do not put forward my method as a "cure-all." Unfortunately I cannot hold out any hope of a cure by exercise to those who suffer from certain acute or malignant disorders, such as Cancer, acute Phthisis (incipient cases only can be treated), Pneumonia, acute Bronchitis, Appendicitis, Deafness, Eye Troubles, Ankylosis and some others. I mention these instances because I am so frequently asked about each of them by sufferers, and I am anxious not for a moment to raise a false hope in the mind of anyone to whom I cannot render assistance.

Of necessity, I have omitted mention of many other illnesses and defects which I am daily called upon to deal with, and I can only say to every reader who is out of health: Come and see me if you ever visit London. If not, write to me. I shall be pleased to consider your case and give you a candid opinion based upon my wide experience as to whether or not you are one who ought to turn to scientific exercise as a cure. I shall make you no charge for this consideration of your case. I do not offer to give courses of treatment without charge—this would be impossible, and few would care to accept such an offer—but what I do promise is that it will interest you to have my book and read it. If after seeing you or hearing from you I advise you to take up physical culture as a remedy, it is because I know from the details of your case that I have already been regularly successful in similar cases.

The cost of a course is within the means of practically all sufferers, and it can be carried out without the disturbance of a single social or business appointment—but all such details you will see for yourself when you receive the copy of my book, "Health from Physical Culture."

Neurasthenia.

literally means lack of nervous energy, but in truth people who suffer from neurasthenia generate an undue amount of force which goes to waste. The fact of the matter is that there is a leakage of force, or rather explosions of nervous energy in improper directions. In short, the supply is ill-regulated and wrongly distributed, and a treatment such as mine, which brings the system into perfect balance, is the only one which cures such a condition.

The nerve-ridden man or woman is quickly nerve-restored by scientific exercise.

To the neurasthenic life appears to be not worth living; he or she is always tired, if not actually exhausted; they are frequently mentally depressed, and duty becomes an effort instead of a pleasure. Everything is too much trouble for such a one, and when circumstances compel the individual to be active, all effort becomes a positive purgatory. It is like driving a motor-car with an insufficient supply of petrol.

Persons who are troubled in this way suffer terribly, but on examination it is invariably found that they are organically perfectly sound. Hundreds of such cases pass through my hands annually, and ninety-nine per cent. of them throw off their ailments for ever after a comparatively short course of careful physical culture treatment.

Physiologically speaking, my system regulates the supply of the blood to the nerves and brain, stimulates latent tissues, removes the waste from the muscles and organs, and disciplines both mind and body.

Weak Heart.

There are two ways in which the heart becomes weak; one is, functionally, that is, without organic disease having assailed it, and the other organically, or when there is an actual change in the material condition of the heart.

The former are by far the more common, and constitute the majority of those cases where people have distress in the neighbourhood of the heart.

Weak hearts, from any cause whatsoever, are eminently amenable to treatment by my system of scientific physical culture, and I have records of a very large number of cases which prove this to be so.

Lung Complaints.

No father or mother has done full duty to a child in whose constitution there lies an hereditary tendency to weak lungs who has not given that child the advantage of a course of physical culture. If there is any family history of consumption, do not wait until your child shows signs of developing trouble; see to it that the tendency is removed, as it can be by so strengthening the chest as to make it impregnable to tubercular affection.

Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia arises in almost every case from one of two causes—either too much or too little gastric fluid is produced by the stomach. The muscles which surround the stomach and alimentary canal become stretched and unable to grind out of the food which is passing through them that nourishment which the body requires, and a state arises of more or less chronic indigestion. On the return of those muscles to an efficient condition to do their work depends the cure of this distressing complaint. There are many drugs which will temporarily stimulate these muscles to renewed activity, but there is only one method by which they can naturally resume their proper part in the work of running the human engine, and that is by judiciously applied scientific physical movements.

I am to-day acquainted with, I believe I may safely say, thousands of people who came to me suffering absolute torture, who could never eat a meal without fear of the consequences, who are to-day healthy and hearty eaters, and only know indigestion as an unpleasant memory of the past.

Constipation

is one of the commonest of troubles, and is probably responsible for more illnesses than any other condition. It is caused partly through lack of sufficient secretion of the bowel juices, and partly through imperfect nerve stimulation of the muscular coats of the intestines.

My system of Scientific Physical Culture permanently cures 999 out of every 1,000 cases, by strengthening the abdominal muscles, stimulating to healthy action the nerves supplying the bowels, and generally restoring the digestion and abdominal organs to healthy tone.

Liver Trouble.

"Liver," everyone will concede, is a daily complaint with many thousands; that is the tired, languid feeling so many people experience, especially in the first half of the day, which is invariably caused by a sluggish liver.

My system of scientific physical culture is the only means by which such a state of affairs can be remedied. It tones up the nerves, and thus stimulates more readily the distribution of vitality to the body from the liver cells, which, as before explained, are charged with nutriment. It invigorates the circulation and hastens its purification. It expands the lungs and increases the volume of oxygen supplied to the blood. It makes the digestion more perfect, with the result that less waste is thrown upon the functions of the body, and, lastly, it rids the system of a surplus of waste that in all such cases is retained among the delicate tissues of the body.

Kidney Troubles.

All forms of functional kidney disorder, and many organic disorders of these organs, are amenable to scientific Curative Physical Culture, and I may mention that many medical men in all parts of the world now regard a course of Sandow Physical Culture as the soundest and most certain treatment for kidney disorders.

Rheumatism and Gout.

Both of these complaints. arise from an impure state of the blood, which allows of an excess of urea, uric acid, and the salts of the latter to remain in the body. Uric acid either sets up inflammation in the softer parts, or is deposited within or around the joints in combination with the salts of the body.

Physical Culture removes the cause, and the effect can no longer remain. The uric deposits must be gradually broken down and reabsorbed and naturally eliminated from the body by its own natural excretory channels.

Women's Ailments.

The only remarks I wish to make on this subject in such a public announcement as this are that I am frequently dealing with the ailments peculiar to women with invariably good results. Such ailments are frequently brought about by general ill-health of a functional nature, and my system of scientific physical culture by restoring the entire balance of the economy and stimulating to healthy action nerves, brain, circulation, digestion, and assimilation makes new women out of 99 per cent. of those who undergo my treatment.

Obesity or Excessive Fat accumulation in any part

may be justly regarded as a disease. It is the result of malnutrition or perverse assimilation. We all know that thin people eat considerably more, as a rule, than stout folk, and yet they do not "put on flesh." Fat is the fuel of the body; the fat person stores up an excess of fuel instead of burning it up at a reasonable rate for the good of the body.

The only way this accumulation can be got rid of is by suitable exercises. Stout people cannot stand violent unscientific exertion; indeed, there is risk of serious injury to them from any indulgence in improper movements. Scientific exercise, however, not only directly uses up the excess of fat, but also improves the digestive organs, so that natural assimilation of food is induced, and the tendency to obesity thereby removed.

Fat is a disadvantage to men, but to women it is a tragedy, and it is a great satisfaction to me to look back upon the numerous instances of both men and women whose burden I have been the means of removing, and also to know that I not only reduce the flesh, but do it in such a way as to at the same time build up the patient's general health and strength.

Medical Examinations for Insurance, Army, Navy and Civil Service.

There is no part of my Physical Culture work which gives me more personal satisfaction than that of assisting candidates for the Army, Navy, Indian, Egyptian, and Colonial Civil Service to pass their medical examinations.

It frequently happens that otherwise highly eligible candidates, with every prospect of brilliant futures before them, are stopped at the very threshold of their chosen careers by inability to pass the medical tests.

I may say that hundreds of such cases have passed through my hands with completely satisfactory results. Although having previously failed to pass their "Medical," they have after a short course from me been re-examined and passed. In fact, in not one single instance which I have undertaken has the candidate failed to do so.

The Development of Physique and General Health.

Whilst my work is principally directed to the curing of definite bodily ailments and maladies, still there are many people not actually ill who are desirous of achieving a more perfect physique than they at present possess.

In the case of men, a muscular development can be obtained to a greater or lesser extent as may be desired. In the case of women, exercise does not develop prominent muscle in the same way as it does with men, but it removes superfluous flesh, and has the effect of filling out parts where flesh is deficient, and lending those graceful curves which it is Nature's intention that every woman should possess.

A Special Invitation is extended to all readers who are out of Health to call upon or write to Mr. Eugen Sandow—mentioning "John Bull." He will, without charge, forward to each a copy of his world-famous fully illustrated book, "Health from Physical Culture," and if particulars of the case are given will also send a letter of personal advice as to whether the case is suitable for treatment by scientific exercise. Address, Eugen Sandow, 52a, St. James Street, London, S.W.

A DEFENCE OF THE TRAVELLING DRAPER.

A REPLY TO A COUNTY COURT JUDGE.

By Prize Essayist.

Mankind is born with prejudices. Despite all our exertions to prove man's free will, it must be admitted by all thinking individuals that the *genus homo* is largely, if not entirely, what heredity and environment make him. In matters pertaining to religion, politics, history—all of which are closely related—our parents or guardians toil and struggle to give a bias to the young sapling. We are most careful to put the child in its most impressionable years under teachers who will promote that bias, until we find it being said all round that the lad has a penchant toward a certain course in life. Man will bolster up those prejudices at all hazards and by all possible means and methods. He will defend his Church, his party or his country with his life, if need be, and that when the position is untenable. It seems that there is a sort of insanity pervading the human family in those matters.

Self-interest compels many to make statements which have no foundation on fact, prejudicial to those who hold different views, or it may be doing business which would operate against the success of their own.

Is it not the case that travelling drapers have suffered in reputation as well as pocket from calumnious and slanderous attacks by interested parties? Is it not the case that from certain quarters attacks have been made from time to time with the ostensible purpose of prejudicing many of the unthinking against those who are engaged in the credit trade? And to plead ignorance—which in most instances might truthfully be done—is no palliation of the offence.

It is by no means a novel nor even uncommon statement that the travelling draper calls at a house and endeavours to obtain an order in a clandestine manner. The husband is kept in the dark; the poor deluded wife pledges his credit, which can never be redeemed. This poor man knows nothing of his wife's transactions with the rascally, villainous travelling draper, until he is pounced on and straightway dragged off to prison.

It cannot be denied that irregularites have arisen from giving credit, nor will there be any attempt to palliate or condone any such offences. Every man who is worthy the name must deprecate, nay, his better nature must revolt at the bare suggestion of any attempt at such conduct as would make a wife act dishonourably to her husband. Getting goods in a clandestine manner would certainly be acting dishonourably. But to make such an allegation cannot be supported by fact. The direct opposite is the case. I venture to say that there is not a travelling draper of five, ten, twenty or thirty years' standing who would supply an order to a woman if he had the remotest suspicion that she wished to keep it hidden from her husband. He knows too well the risk he would be running of losing his account, to rate it at no higher motive. Farther, it can be proved beyond the region of doubt that men's suits form a very considerable proportion of the trade done by travelling drapers. The writer of the diatribe appearing on June 5th admits that orders for men's suits are given. He asseverates, however, that: "In most cases, the travelling draper takes his measure as though he was going to make the clothes, but forthwith gets them from the ready-made clothes dealer at a price which is more often 15s. than 21s., the highest price he ever gives is probably 25s. to 26s. The travelling draper charges to this foolish customer £2 10s. to £3 3s."

Nothing could be further from the truth than this statement. Such a wild, unjust, and iniquitous statement is at once inimical and prejudicial to the interests of thousands of honest and honourable tradesmen, many of whom have by the votes of the people filled important public offices.

By "most cases" it must be understood to mean that *over* five hundred out of every thousand suits are bought ready-made and sold by the travelling draper as bespoke goods. From absolute knowledge, I fearlessly state that not two men out of a thousand would act in this dishonourable manner. Not only so, but, let an enquiry be made at any woollen house in the kingdom, and it will be found that the travelling draper is not only a good customer, but that he buys an exceptionally good class of tweed, serge, and worsted from which suits are made to supply his customers.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Specially Mis-Reported for "John Bull."

LOTTERY IN A NEWSPAPER—SMART PENALTY.

At the Mansion House, before Alderman Sir Bow Bell, was heard a case of great interest to newspaper proprietors and other gamblers. *Jawjar Skims*, described as a journalist, appeared to a summons charging him with promoting a lottery by offering a money prize in a game of chance carried on in a weekly journal called the *Reverie*.

The proceedings were instituted by Mr. Bizzie Boddie, of the Anti-Scrambling Society, who appeared in support of the summons, and said the *Reverie* claimed to have a very large circulation, which made the matter much worse.

The Alderman: Why is it called the *Reverie?*

Mr. Boddie: Because it says it is a unique Sunday journal, and is actually published on the day of rest, so that people may quietly peruse it after dinner.

The Alderman: Ah, something like the *Sunday at Home*, I suppose?

Mr. Boddie: Yes, sir, very similar, but quite different. Mr. Skims was a journalist on the staff of the paper, in which he wrote a weekly article, signed by himself in the name of "Bayonet."

The Alderman: What? So he has an *alias?* Is there any serious reason for this disguise?

Mr. Boddie sincerely hoped not, but in a case of this heinous character it was certainly suspicious. Mr. Skims was in the habit almost every week of offering a prize of one whole guinea to the person who correctly guessed certain figures, such as an election result, or a certain missing word or words. His audacity was remarkable, for he openly stated that all replies would be placed in a sack, well shaken up, then opened one at a time, and that the first correct answer opened would be rewarded with this colossal gift of an entire guinea. If this was not a lottery, he should like to know what was.

Asked if he had any extenuating circumstances to plead, the defendant Skims said he charged no entrance fee for his contests, which were genuine competitions and not lotteries.

The Alderman: If you charge no fee, that makes it worse. The offer of something for nothing is an old device, and places the matter in a most scandalous aspect. Was anything known of the defendant?

The Police Inspector: So far as we have been able to ascertain the accused has not been previously convicted.

The Alderman: Very well. Taking into consideration that nothing is known against you, the fine will be 40s., with ten guineas costs, and I hope this will be a warning to you.

ANOTHER NEWSPAPER CASE—BLUSHES IN COURT.

Messrs. W. H. Brown and Son were called upon at Longbow Street, before Sir Albert de Shutzem, to answer the charge that they did expose for sale on their bookstalls certain lewd and deucedly improper weekly and daily journals.

Mr. Olde Humphrey, for the Director of Public Prosecutions, said he would come to the point at once. These journals to which he raised such objection were mainly what are called ladies' papers. If his worship would look at the copies handed up he would see they were full of illustrations of women in all stages of undress. Some were clothed in a —— and ——; some, he regretted to say, did not wear as much as that. Even the advertisement columns were full of similar horrors; any firm desiring to sell a pair of —— was wicked enough to print an alluring picture of a female with them on. At the time of the Great White Sales this evil was intensified. He handed up a sixpenny weekly crammed from cover to cover with pictures and even photographs of ladies in light and airy garments which unprotected man did not formerly know the names of. Now they stalked unblushing through the pages of the Press.

The Magistrate: These pictures are very shocking. Should they fall into the hands of an innocent old man they might cause incalculable harm. Between you and me and the Winning Post, they are very naughty and ought to be burned by the common hangman. Would Messrs. Brown give an undertaking as to the future?

Messrs. Brown said they would never again sell a paper with a picture of a lady in pyjamas unless the garments were completely covered by a motor coat or full-length ulster.

On that understanding the summons was withdrawn, all copies of the papers in Court to be burned in the greenyard by aged and decrepit policemen, fully blindfolded.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Czar of All the Russias, H.M.S. "Standart."

MAJESTY,—Though on public grounds I have been able to sanction the meeting in British waters between my own Most Excellent and Puissant King and Emperor and Your Majesty, you are not to assume that I am on that account an admirer of your Royal person or your advisers. So far as this meeting may be concerned with private affairs of family I have not one word to say against it, but so far as it is official between the crowned representatives of nations, your Majesty will condescend to understand that it has been possible only because. however much I reprobate and abhor the Governmental tyrannies and barbarities in Russia, done in the name of a weak and timid sovereign, I have no quarrel whatever with your people, who are a nation "rightly struggling to be free." Your Majesty cannot speak to my King and Emperor on behalf of those people, but you have the power to make compacts for your Government, and I need not inform you that so far as any compacts so made draw the Russian and the British peoples closer together, I shall welcome them. I regret that I cannot offer your Majesty hearty personal welcome, standing as you do for an organised system of violence, oppression, espionage, and atrocity in the country of which you are the crowned and autocratic head. But I hope that contact with my own constitutional sovereign may result in good.

JOHN BULL.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth Palace.

DEAR CANTUAR,—I am delighted to notice from your speech at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference that your Grace has become exceedingly shocked by the working of our present Poor Law system, as revealed in the Royal Commission's report, and week by week in the pages of the widespread periodical whose veracious pages I have the honour to direct. For years most people who have thought at all about the waste, extravagance, and futility of this outrageous method of dealing with the poor, have urged legislation for its abolition, while the prelates of the Church have remained silent. Now, however, your Grace joins in the cry that something must be done. "If nothing is done things will drift," you told your audience, "and then God forgive us all." With reverence, your Grace will perhaps permit me to add, "And God help some of us."

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Gwilym Davies, English Baptist Church, Carmarthen.

REV. SIR,—You are a bold, outspoken man, and in that regard I approve you. If you would save your skin, however, I beseech you to be careful; for when a man in your position begins to lash the Nonconformist Conscience you do but invite the kicking of the Nonconformist boot. You are vigorous enough to compel my belief in your sincerity when you declare that the tenant farmer of Wales who has the misfortune to have a Nonconformist deacon, or even minister, for a landlord, is oppressed and compelled to live the life of a slave "in order to increase the riches of devout members of the churches, who wear the mantle of religion the better to conceal their unjust possessions." I am impressed, too, rev. sir, when you say that "our hypocrisy as Nonconformists loudly calls for heaven's punishment upon us, because these oppressors of the poor are of our own making. We elect them to places of honour in our public life, though in our private conversation we crucify them without mercy." "Bloodsuckers, rack-renters, and slum-holders" you call them. The epithets seem carefully chosen, and I can see them biting into the Nonconformist Conscience of Wales like vitriol. But are you sure of your facts? Can you give me names and instances? I ought to know something about these holy men, don't you think?

In other directions also I gather that Nonconformity in Wales has its conscience rather heavily mortgaged to the things of evil; for you state, with alarming assurance, that, with the single exception of Cardiganshire, every county in Wales is more immoral than the average for England and Wales, judged by the statistics of illegitimacy and other tests. But do you really think that either nonconformity or conformity has much to do with these things? However, I am sure I can trust you to get your countrymen to the penitent form with all possible speed. The need seems imperative.

JOHN BULL.

To W. H. Maude, Esq., J.P., Chairman, West Riding Justices, Leeds.

SIR,—A few days ago the West Riding bench of magistrates had before them an old man, a hawker, charged with stealing half-a-sovereign. The story was a simple one. In the course of his rounds the old man sold a penny-worth of peas at half-past nine in the evening. It was dark at the time, and on the woman giving him a small coin, he asked her what it was. "It is sixpence," she said, and he handed her fivepence in change. Subsequently she found that she was half-a-sovereign short. Subsequently, too, the old man found himself in possession of half-a-sovereign for which he could not account. The following morning he went into a butcher's shop and bought some meat for his Sunday dinner. He mentioned to the butcher that he thought somebody had given him half-a-sovereign in error. The butcher advised him to make an effort to discover the giver. "I'm bahn ta buy t'wife a new dress," responded the old man. Afterwards he appears to have consulted a Batley fishmonger about the half-sovereign, and the fishmonger, like the butcher, advised him to go over his rounds again, and try to put the matter right. He did not do so. When arrested, he admitted that he had had the half-a-sovereign, but again said that he did not know who had given it to him. "Why did you not make an attempt to find the owner?" you asked him, as Chairman of the bench. "I'm sorry, sir," replied the old man, "but I go to so many houses—about 500," and turning to the complainant with a sob in his voice, he asked her, "When I gave you the peas didn't you say the money was a sixpence?" "Yes," was the reply, "I didn't know but what it was until the following morning." There was nothing against the man, sir, but this one thing. He had a clear record, though the Police Superintendent endeavoured to import prejudice into the case by remarking, "He had been having a booze with the money." That may or may not have been true. He might have been "having a booze" with his own money. Now comes the extraordinary sequel. You, sir, fined the old man ten shillings and costs or fourteen days, and on his asking for time to pay, you remarked, "See the Superintendent!" You shunted the responsibility of acting upon your own decision from your own shoulders on to those of a—mere Police Superintendent.

The decision in any case was outrageous, sir; for I put it to you that there was no legal proof against the old man to justify a conviction at all. If this is the way you administer justice on the West Riding bench, sir, then it is clear that you are out of place in the magistracy.

JOHN BULL.

Captain, Steamship "Woodburn."

Don't worry. All a mistake. Russian naval experts merely thought you were another Grimsby trawler. Am sending out to Russian Navy special consignment nerve tonics. BULL.

Mr. Justice Darling, Royal Courts of Justice.

This wire to say, though taxed my private purse is, that I have bought your book of verses. Though poetry oft do I accurse, upon my word I have read worse. BULL.

Sir Thomas Whittaker, House of Commons.

What a wicked Government, isn't it? BULL.

The Turkish Envoys.

Are not you rather in a hurry to come and announce the accession of an alleged Sovereign (really a bald half-Sovereign) when Abdul Hamid has thousands of supporters in Albania ready to fight and die for the old cause? Your Half-Sovereign is just about to lose Crete to the Empire. Abdul Hamid is a great diplomatist, and would have saved it. Go home. BULL.

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President: HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Offices; 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Object. *To oppose Cant and Self-Righteousness, and to promote a robust and self-reliant public opinion, independently of all creeds and parties.*

An Inaugural Meeting will shortly be held to adopt the Rules and Constitution.

WILL HE FORCE THE PASSAGE?

LIEUT. LLOYD GEORGE: "What would Shackleton have said to this?"

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

THE BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY.

We regret that owing to great pressure upon our space we are compelled to hold over until next week the reply of the Directors of the Society to the questions addressed to them in our article last week.

LAW GUARANTEE, TRUST AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.

We have heard from several large shareholders in this Company, who desire to know what is being done in regard to the proposed investigation into the position of the concern. One writing from Liverpool says, "I am a shareholder to the extent of 250 shares, and have several friends who hold among them some thousands more shares." We certainly think that the position requires thorough investigation.

WALDORF HOTEL.

At last the directors are thinking of applying to the Stock Exchange for a Settlement in the shares and debentures of this company. It is about time they did. We hear, too, of a movement for reconstituting the Board—which does not surprise us. With energetic management the company should become one of the most profitable hotel concerns in the kingdom.

THE ONE AND ALL MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

.eferring to our observations of last week, we have now looked into this matter and are satisfied that this Association—which, by the way, has no connection of any sort or kind with the One and All Assurance Association, Ltd.—is honestly intended.

The first consideration is whether the Association is working upon a sound scheme; whether it can do what it promises to do. As to that, actuarial opinion is necessary, and it has been taken by the Association, who have obtained a report from Mr. F. Addiscott, F.I.A. From this report we take the following:-

> I consider that the proposed contribution of 1s. 6d. per month should be sufficient to pay the proposed sick benefit of 20s. per week for six months to entrants aged 16-45 years and 15s. per week for same period to entrants aged 46-50 years. To provide for expenses of management, say 15 per cent. on the total contributions, and to earn a reasonable margin of profit.

That, so far as it goes, is satisfactory. It is the opinion of a competent expert that, given good management and the rest, the Association should have a prosperous career before it.

With regard to the Board of Directors, we find them to be all substantial business men of good repute.

RUBBER EXPLORATIONS.

There have been a great many inquiries for these shares during the past week, in view of the information given in our recent issues. Mr. Conybeare, the chairman, appears to have taken the bit between his teeth, and we hear all sorts of rumours as to the big profits which the company is making, and which fully confirm our view that its shares represent a unique Kaffir-Rubber investment.

THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.

Day by day an advertisement may be found in the *Daily Telegraph* which reads as follows:—

> An income of £125 per annum may be gained on an outlay of £5. No further liability. Apply for pamphlet gratis, post free, to the Secretary, the Equitable Exchange, Wormwood Street.

Do any of our readers know anything of this concern? A correspondent who says he has been foolish enough to have dealings with it and lost every penny, writes to us as follows:—

> The firm consists of two young fellows who style themselves, when it suits their purpose, Secretary and Manager respectively, and on the cheques they have them endorsed as partners. They bank with the London and South Western Bank, Bishopsgate Street Branch.

THE BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet of this Corporation affords gratifying evidence of the growth and prosperity of the institution. In the Life Assurance branch the new business secured was well over £1,000,000, and the new Investment Branch promises well, its inaugural operations being very encouraging. We have had recent occasion to refer in appreciative terms to the new "Ideal" policy introduced by the Corporation, and we are glad to learn that it has been very favourably received by the public. The Directors are now giving special attention to the development of the Life Branch, and it was mentioned by the Chairman at the Annual General Meeting that in view of the many "Homes" companies issuing bond investment certificates, but not empowered to issue policies of life assurance, and the intention of the Board to bring the Corporation into the front rank of life assurance companies, it is in contemplation to change the name of the Corporation. We hope the Board will see their way to carry out this change. There are plenty of precedents in favour of the suggestion.

THE WELSH INSURANCE CORPORATION.

We think the following letter will be read with interest by many of our readers concerned in insurance matters. We may add that it is written by an expert:—

> I see in this week's issue that you state the Welsh Insurance Co. "have a *fair prospect of success.*" May I point out that the General Manager has absolutely no experience of any of the classes of business they are transacting, being some years ago with the Mutual of Australasia, afterwards with the Law Union and Crown, and latterly with the Canada Life, occupying the position of Local Secretary, which is really that of a canvasser, with the foregoing offices. The Secretary was, until a few years ago, cashier in the Metropolitan Bank, leaving them to take up a position in Life Assurance. The directors are men of standing, but the only business which they can influence is of such a class that all the offices who are seeking to make a profit avoid, whilst one of the trustees has lately accepted a seat on the Local Board of the Ocean. According to their Agency Appointment Letters they are paying special high commissions, and at the same time are quoting reduced rates for the business; therefore, if the offices which already have paying business on their books cannot afford to do this, and as an insurance man I *know* they cannot, how much less can an office which is seeking to build up a business do so?

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY.

A public meeting will be held on Thursday, June 24th, in the Throne Room, Holborn Restaurant, at 3.30 p.m., to consider what action is to be taken in this matter. Mr. H. E. Reed, Vice-Chairman of the Central Board of the Licensed Victuallers' Central Protection Society of London, is organising the meeting, which should be largely attended.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Vaal River Gold Fields.—J. J. (London).—We will enquire as to the identity of the "experienced engineer."

London City and Midland Bank.—A. F. F. (Forest Gate).—It is a bank of the highest standing. You have, of course, to bear in mind the liability upon uncalled capital, but we do not think there is any likelihood whatever of any call being made. The return upon your investment, taking present price and latest yield, would be much what you say.

London and Paris Exchange.—F. K. (Ilford).—(1) We know of no way in which you can get back the money you lost in this concern. (2) The Birkbeck Bank or Farrow's should suit your purpose for a small current account.

Investment of £100.—J. S. (Gateshead).—A good deal would depend upon the status of the company, and you do not give us its name.

The "Mint."—V. C. (Falmouth).—We do not think any advantage would be gained by taking the course you suggest. Your money is gone, and it would be throwing good money after bad if you tried to get it back.

Municipal Bonds.—Appreciation (Stockport).—We know of no Municipal or Government bonds that would give you the interest you name. We should not advise you to take the debentures of the Law Guarantee, Trust and Accident Society.

National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen and Clerks.—A. B. H. (Gateshead).—It is a very deserving institution.

Continental Copper and Smelting Company of North Dakota.—Guildford (Cardiff).—We advise you not to have anything to do with it.

Liberian Rubber Corporation.—W. W. (Bradford).—No, we do not think it will ever reach a dividend-paying stage, and we certainly do not recommend purchase of its shares. We thank you for the enclosures in your letter relating to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Walsall Financial, Limited.—Constant Reader.—We have no information respecting this company, but, seeing that it has been established since 1864, the presumption is that it is a well established concern.

Safe Deposit.—Working Man (Hastings).—We never advise deposits where such a high rate of interest is offered.

United Tea Trade Syndicate.—Ball Buyer (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Our information is that the National Standard Life Assurance Corporation's connection with the syndicate only extends to the sale of coupons for insurance.

Mohawk Creek Gold Mining Company.—D. H.—We certainly should not put more money into this concern.

London and Paris Exchange.—W. J. B. (Alton).—You had better write it off as a bad debt.

THE ASSOCIATED CEMENT COMPANY.—H. S. B. (London).—Over-capitalisation and foreign competition has been the trouble. We fear your chance of a dividend on the ordinary shares is still remote.

INVESTMENT OF £50.—E. W. (Cheriton).—You might buy a few good industrial shares which will give you a return of 5 or 6 per cent.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—G. B.—We cannot advise you to take advantage of the offer of Mr. Joseph Chown.

HENDERSON'S ESTATES.—C. McK. (Coatbridge).—We should be content with your present holding.

PARR'S BANK.—VI (Streatham).—In the circumstances we should transfer the account to this bank.

GREAT COBAR SHARES.—W. F. W. (Taunton).—(1) They are a fair speculative purchase, but we should be inclined to make another selection. (2) We do not think there is much immediate likelihood of the other shares you mention improving in price.

HOME LIFE.—H. O. B. (Reading).—We think you would be very foolish to invest your money in this Chicago concern. We return the letters from the Balch Publishing Company.

STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION.—W. J. C. (Limerick).—We should have thought that the experience you have already had in Stock Exchange gambling would have sufficed to have satisfied you that it does not pay the outsider. If you take our advice, you will avoid such transactions, and save your money.

THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.—C. H. F. (Portman Square).—We have read your correspondence with this concern with interest, and agree with you in your comment. We hope none of our other readers will have any transactions with it.

WEST RHODESIAN BANKET.—SMALL INVESTOR (Nottingham).—We do not recommend them.

OCEANAS.—INKOS (Forest Gate).—We are inclined to think so.

VARIOUS SHARES.—C. W. C. (Melton Mowbray).—We should hold all of them for the present.

NORTH UTAH MINING COMPANY.—F. J. B. (Leyton).—We have a very poor opinion of it.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—DUBLIN READER (Dublin).—The figures you quote are correct, and the difference between selling and dealing with the English firm obvious. We know no firm who would treat you more fairly than Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

THREE MONTHLY ACCOUNTS.—LORNE (Argyle).—We do not recommend outside or other brokers.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—C. E. (Grimsby).—They are the same people—and swindlers. W. W. (Canterbury).—Ditto. W. S., JUN. (Dalmuir).—Ditto. C. W. C. (Dalston).—Much too good to be true. The guarantee against loss is all humbug. Have nothing to do with them. J. H. J. (Bridgend).—Ditto. H. H. K. (Stalham).—We have looked over your papers. We agree, the correspondence is not pleasant reading, but, after all, you got back your £3, which is more than many of the clients of people of this sort can say. H. A. T. (Blackburn).—Ditto. CYMRO.—The answer to both your questions is in the negative. R. A. (Bilston).—The pamphlet is only written to mislead. J. G. B. (Greytown).—The people you name have been established many years, but they charge about 25 per cent. above the market price for the bonds they sell. BULLITE (Notting Hill).—We are glad your friend has had such a pleasant experience of the firm you name, but we never recommend outside brokers for Stock Exchange transactions. We thank you for your kindly references to the Editor of JOHN BULL. E. P. (Birmingham).—Have nothing to do with them. B. (Canterbury).—We do not. J. M. L. (Dundee).—We strongly advise you not to speculate as suggested.

VALENTIN AND COMPANY.—H. C. W. (London).—Have nothing to do with this lottery. J. F. (London).—We note that the lottery paper enclosed in your letter was sent to your mother in a small village in Nottinghamshire, and you wonder how these people can get the names of "poor people in outlandish places." It is easy enough to get addresses if you want them. You should tell your mother and others to throw such circulars in the fire.

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—ONE BADLY AGGRIEVED.—We do not think you need fear as to being able to recover any damages that may be awarded. The American company has plenty of money, and would not allow the legal obligations of the English one to be disregarded. NORMAN.—We note that you bought five registers in April, 1906, at a total cost of £590 2s., the transaction to be completed by August, 1908, you, in fact, completing in February, 1908. You ask if there is any chance of recovering anything. We think there is a very good chance if you take the matter into Court, but there are several test actions already commenced, and we should wait for the result of one of these or join others in presenting a case. E. R. T. (Llansamlet).—We think that, if you instruct your solicitor to proceed, you will recover.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

LAPSED POLICY.—W. B. (King's Norton).—It is impossible for us to say whether you have any claim against the company in regard to your lapsed policy.

THE THRONE INSURANCE COMPANY.—WATCH (Spithead).—We think not.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. H. (Upper Parkstone).—If you want to pursue the matter, you should consult a solicitor.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—M. T. (Sheffield).—We think your better way would be to consult a solicitor.

PROFITS AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Paddington).—The balance-sheet is not issued to policyholders.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—M. (Watford).—It is a sound institution, making steady headway, and now giving special attention to life assurance business. See what is said on the preceding page.

GENERAL UNION MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—H. A. L. (Croydon).—We know nothing about it.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (Rochdale).—We think there have been some changes in the management lately. We may have more to say on the subject in a week or two.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—E. F. W. (Cleator).—Both are of high standing, but we cannot tell which is the better for your purpose unless you send us more particulars as to what you want.

BRITISH KEY AND PROPERTY REGISTRY, LIMITED.—J. A. (Nailsworth).—No doubt it was disappointing to your boy not to be rewarded for his find, but we do not see how the British Key and Property Registry is to be blamed in the matter. As the secretary points out in his letter to you of the 9th June, it is not reasonable to expect them to pay a reward on property no longer insured with the company, and, as stated on the label, the reward is conditional upon "restoration of the keys to the owner." We return your papers.

RELIANCE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—E. W. B. (Paddington).—We should prefer another selection.

INSURABLE INTEREST.—CARGILL (Birmingham).—You should consult a lawyer before you decide upon litigation. If you take action and win, the company would have to pay your taxed costs, which would, as probably you know, be considerably less than your actual out-of-pocket expenses as between solicitor and client. H. C. (Stratford).—There is no hard-and-fast rule, but, from what you say, we should assume that there is no insurable interest in your case.

UNITED FARMERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—J.—You have no option but to pay unless you get rid of the shares.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE (London).—You had better communicate with the Car and General Insurance Corporation.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT BUILDING COMPANY.—W. G. (Chelsea).—We know nothing against it.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—G. A. T. (Barry).—No, we do not consider the Trust is sound and able to do all it promises. We have frequently invited Mr. Taverner to get a competent actuary's report and let us see it, and until he does we cannot recommend his Trust. T. L. (Devonport).—We cannot recommend it. F. J. (Bristol).—Ditto.

THE WELSH INSURANCE CORPORATION.—M. R. (Southampton).—As you say, the company only started this year, but is is very strongly supported. There is no sufficient reason why you should not act as an agent for it.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. E. E. (Barnsbury).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon the merits of the dispute between yourself and the superintendent. If you think it of sufficient consequence to fight, you should consult a solicitor.

EDINBURGH LIFE OFFICE.—W. E. W. (Chesterfield).—Yes.

CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—F. R. (Ilford).—Yes, certainly it is a very progressive company. You are right in your assumption that the remark to which you refer applied, not to this company, but to the Law Car and General.

LIVERPOOL MORTGAGE INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. G. S. (Manchester).—This company was established in 1888 with a capital of £1,000,000, of which £250,000 is subscribed and £100,000 paid up. We know of nothing to affect the position of the Law Guarantee Trust and Accident Society as trustee of the deed guaranteeing the payment of the principal and interest of the 4½ per Cent Prior Lien Bonds of the Montreal Power and Water Company.

GLASGOW ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—BIG BRUM (Birmingham).—(1) Fairly so. (2) There are plenty of societies of the kind you name, but most of them unfortunately are not financially sound.

THE SELF-HELP INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—ANXIOUS (London).—It is true that this company issues what it calls a "Self-Help" policy to enable the insurer "to meet the demands of the landlord, and thus provide food and shelter for himself and family," and that no medical examination is required, but we are not satisfied that the company, which apparently makes a charge that works out at less than 1d. a day, is in a position to pay £1 per week for six weeks when a man is out of employment, and £1 per week for twenty-six weeks in case of sickness or accident. We note, by the way, that the authorised capital, as stated in the prospectus before us, is put at £50,000, but the registered capital, as filed at Somerset House, is only £1,000, and £1,000 does not go far in insurance business.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT.—H. M. (Victoria Docks).—There are plenty of societies that would insure you at lower rates than the Company to which you refer. The trouble with these societies is that they are financially very weak, and, in consequence, not always, or often, able, assuming willingness, to carry out their undertakings.

ONE AND ALL MUTUAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—A. J. (Ilford).—We referred to the One and All Assurance Association last week. We have something to say about the One and All *Mutual* on another page of our present issue. READER (South Wales).—See what we said about the One and All Assurance Association in our last issue. We advise you to have nothing to do with it. C. D.—Ditto. J. T. (Birmingham).—Ditto. W. H. N. (Redhill).—Ditto. H. T. (Port Talbot).—We refer you to our last issue for information upon this concern, and to the preceding page for what we think about the One and All Mutual Insurance Association, Limited. HONESTY (Bristol).—We refer you to what we say on the subject in another column. D. L. H. (London).—Ditto. J. T. (Birmingham).—No, we cannot recommend you to join the new concern

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. G. (Birmingham).—We understand that you called at the district office in Birmingham requesting the return of the premiums, but did not raise the question of the legality of the assurance. Is that so? S. A. C. (London).—We cannot believe that any agent of the company can have told you that, if "after a few years" you found yourself unable to pay your premiums, "you could have the policy cancelled and the money you have paid the company returned." Certainly no agent would be authorised by the head office to give you any such assurance. PALMERO (St. Albans).—You do not tell us how long you have been paying upon your policy. Why not communicate with the head office, and ask them what they are prepared to do in the matter? If you do so, let us know their reply.

PLANET INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—E. C. (Forest Gate).—We should prefer another selection. W. E. S. (New Cross).—See previous answer.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. S. (Custom House).—You [illegible] that, being a bondholder in this association, you obtained upon mortgage £400 from the association, and that now that you are called upon to make an outlay of £37 for new drainage and repairs, the association declines to advance it to you. In so declining you think they have behaved harshly, and even unfairly. We have looked into the matter, and cannot agree that you have any sort of complaint against the association. You will appreciate that, in lending right up to the full value of the property, the association is taking a risk far beyond that which is taken by an ordinary mortgagee, and they do not in any way undertake to go beyond this and lend as additions whatever sums may be required from time to time to repair or renovate the property, as you seem to suggest they should do. At the same time we are in a position to say that if, recognising your own liability in the matter, you are prepared to find a substantial part of the cost, the association will not be unwilling to meet you by advancing a part of the £37 required, say, £20 or £25, when the work has been done. We suggest that you approach the association on the lines we have indicated, and we are satisfied that they will meet you sympathetically. A. E. B. (Dawlish).—We return the papers. If you can send to the Association the names of the persons publishing these scurrilous libels, we have no doubt they will take action in this matter. Their action against Clatworthy is down for hearing, and we understand a writ has been issued against Dr. Cook, of Torquay, and that the Association have retained Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C. H. B. W. (Brimscombe).—We will look into your complaint as to the work of the "Double Benefit System," and refer further to the matter in our next or succeeding issue.

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ELECTION.—HAINES, COOTS AND COMPANY (Fenchurch Street).—We note that you effected a policy of insurance recently on behalf of a client covering, amongst other contingencies, the possibility of a general election before the end of July.

THE IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—T. G. S. (Nottingham).—We are obliged to you for the enclosures in your letter. The society seems to continue to make headway.

SCEPTRE LIFE ASSOCIATION.—C. T. (Birmingham).—It is a progressive company, making a special feature of the assurance of abstainers.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—CURIOUS (Ilford).—A company owned by shareholders offers policyholders no advantages not enjoyed by those in a mutual office. It is rather the other way about.

NATIONAL STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—S. C. (Stepney).—It is a young and progressive company, under able and very respectable management.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST CORPORATION.—W. L. (Leeds).—We think that you are doing quite rightly in holding on to your shares at present, provided always you see your way to arrange to meet a further call, which, though not, as we understand, likely, is not by any means beyond the region of possibility.

SCOTTISH SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. W. H. (Hull).—It is an excellent office.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY.—W. C. S. (Pengam).—We will look into the matter, and answer your letter next week. W. W. (Swansea).—We know nothing against it.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—R. S. G. (London).—Yes, certainly. Try the Ideal Policy.

PROGRESSIVE INSURANCE COMPANY.—R. L. (Reading).—We should advise you to continue paying your premiums. It looks as if the business will be taken over by the London, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Fires of Fate."

Why, oh why has Dr. Conan Doyle, beyond all great people, resorted to that poor old worn-out thing the "puff preliminary"?

Why has he gone out of his way to try and explain to us that "The Fires of Fate" at the Lyric Theatre is a "modern morality" play?

Oh! tut, tut, dear Dr. Doyle—where does the "modern morality" affair come in to the question?

It is nothing more or less than the fine old Relief of Lucknow situation garnished afresh and made more appetising than ever—after the first act, mind you, which is extremely painful—with an A1 sauce of Arthur Conan Doyle's own best.

Dr. Doyle, as a writer of stories of the weird Wilkie Collins pattern, has a tremendous following; his success as a dramatist was immediate when Henry Irving first produced the marvellously acted little play about the Waterloo veteran, and with "The Fires of Fate" Conan Doyle has again scored triumphantly as a splendidly melodramatic author.

No scene could be more thrilling and exciting than the capture of the English tourists—womenfolk included—by the dusky-hued dervishes or the release of the prisoners in the Oasis of Abouteb by Captain Jack Archer, of the Egyptian Camel Corps, and his brave soldiers.

Lewis Waller is admirable, sympathetic and vigorous as Colonel Cyril Egerton, who is introduced to us in the consulting-room of Dr. Roden, and it is here that I think much painful detail might be climinated without any loss to the "While there's life there's hope" theory of Dr. Doyle's picturesque romance.

In these days there is no accounting for taste; people have such queer views about things, but to me it is the reverse of amusing to have to listen to the detailed discussion of incurable disease—to see a leading London specialist holding a light to his patient's eyes to diagnose the condition of his brain and then to hear him declare that the poor wretch is doomed to almost immediate paralysis and heaven knows what.

Surely there may be many among the audiences at the Lyric who have lost those near and dear to them through mental affliction, such as Conan Doyle describes, to whom this "search-light" scene must be acutely and unnecessarily painful, and it could just as well take place "off," for with a slight explanation as to the case being a fatal one, the powerful argument between Doctor Roden, the Rev. Samuel Roden and Colonel Egerton, of a man's right to take God's law into his own hands and put an end to his existence before the inevitable arrives, could be fought out in precisely the same way as it is now.

But, as I said before, after Act I. "The Fires of Fate" burn with magnificent and wildly exciting flames, which hold you spellbound with suspense as to whether they will destroy or become the signal for a rescue.

At last the little heliograph twinkles forth its message that help is at hand, and with it comes the restoration to health—through shock—of Waller.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy can only make the most of the Massachusetts girl, who is being taken around by her aunt, Miss Adams, and young Shiel Barry is very realistic as Abdulla, the typical dragoman on board the dahbeah.

By the way, Dr. Doyle's story takes place in 1894, and he talks about playing "bridge." Is not this somewhat premature? Of course, I know the fever for the game broke out in the first instance abroad, but had the people been attacked with the epidemic quite so soon as '94?

Am I right, Sir—or wrong, Sir?

Plans! Plans! Plans! The Cry is Still They Come.

Charles Frohman for enterprise is hard to beat! What he is going to do with the Hicks' Theatre in the near future took up much space in Sunday's *Referee*. There was about the same amount of reading matter published, discussing what Mr. To and Frohman—as some wit once called him—proposed as to his Repertoire Theatre.

This genial little American gentleman naturally believes in airing his views through the columns of the press, but when all is said and done, is not Miss Horniman's attitude the wiser? Here is a lady, without any banging of drums and flourish of trumpets, who has brought an admirable company to the Coronet Theatre, and given us a series of excellent plays all excellently acted.

Charlie Frohman is a very clever business man, but does he quite understand the difference between the English and American theatre-going public? The American is so used to bluffing that he does not mind being bluffed. Here things are different, and I, for one, would gladly welcome the realisation of some of Mr. Frohman's schemes rather than be perpetually reading about them.

A very good example of American "bluff" we had but recently in the case of the Aldwych Theatre, where wonderful things were going to be achieved in the way of melodrama. Alas! it has all ended in smoke, for so far as melodrama is concerned, the doors of the Aldwych seem to be hermetically sealed.

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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLIX.

We have received the following. Will any of our readers lend a helping hand?

Having read in your valuable paper of the generosity of your readers in helping those that are in need, I thought perhaps you would do your best for me. I will give you a brief outline of the case and leave you to judge whether there is need for assistance or not. Five years this June my husband (who is a blacksmith by trade) was taken ill with bronchial asthma, and has been unable to follow his employment since. For two years he was practically confined to the house. What money we had saved was soon swallowed up in doctor's bills and extras in trying to nurse him back to health. I then parted with the best of my home. For nearly three years it has fell on me to support the home. I am a tailoress and have the trousers finishing at home, but the last few months my eyesight is failing me through overwork, having to sit early and late at it to earn anything at all; also the mental strain and worry of keeping things together is telling on me. There are times when I feel it almost beyond my strength, as I have myself and four children to support, the eldest not yet 12. The only money I have coming in regularly is nine shillings a week. I can assure you I have a struggle to make ends meet, but I cannot think of parting with my children, as up to the present they have been tenderly cared for. Now, if there are any of your readers who would care to assist me in the way of a few left-off clothes that I could turn in for the children, I should indeed be grateful. I have been anxious to start in the remnant trade, but you cannot start on nothing; or is there anyone who would assist us in getting employment as caretakers or something similar—anything so long as I can keep my children with me? I can give you references, also the address of the manager where my husband was employed up to the time of his illness.

A CURE FOR "PEMPHIGUS."

In our issue of March 20th there appeared the following:—

One of our readers has a friend, a young fellow about 23 years of age, who five years ago was taken ill with *pemphigus*, a pustular skin disease. He has been treated by many doctors and specialists, but is now reduced to a most pitiable state, being apparently in the last stage of senile decay, without teeth, eyebrows and eyelashes, while the whole of his skin is in a condition which we will not attempt to describe. It is not known how he acquired the disease, but being employed in a nursery he may have been infected by some foreign plant. We appeal to any of our readers—particularly those abroad—who have come across similar cases which have yielded to treatment, to tell the parents of the unfortunate youth, through us, of any means of alleviating or curing this awful disease.

We have now received from a correspondent, addressing from the Junior Athenæum Club, the following interesting letter, which we trust may be of service to the unfortunate youth on whose behalf we made the appeal, and also be of use to others who perchance are suffering from the same horrible disease:—

> *Re* enclosure, the description reads like an aggravated form of "Dhoby's itch," a Ceylon and Indian disease home doctors know little or nothing about.
>
> The cure is simple. Write to the Colombo Apothecaries Co., Colombo, Ceylon, and send out, say, 10s., asking them, to post your contributor their remedy for Dhoby's itch. The remedy will cure in from 7 to 14 days.
>
> Meantime an equally efficacious, but more unpleasant and slower remedy may be used, viz., a mild ointment of chrysophanic acid or "Goa" ointment. Rub in gently every second day for one week, then leave patient alone for a week.
>
> This medicine stains linen and turns the skin a fiery red, and should be applied with discretion; it should *not* be used all over at the same time, *i.e.*, one leg might be treated one week and the patient should then be left alone for a week, and the other leg then treated.
>
> I have suffered myself from the above-mentioned disease and on applying for treatment to the P. and O. doctor when *en route* home, found that he too was covered with the fungus, and could not cure himself. Other doctors recommended salicylic acid, zinc, etc. Unless in double the Pharmacopœia strength, when they partially kill the fungus by *burning* the skin off one, a pretty painful process, they do little or no good. The Colombo Apothecaries' Co.'s remedy is painless, shows no unpleasant effect, and cures in a few days an attack that months of salicylic acid treatment would not effect.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Adieu to Madame Nordica.

Madame Nordica's farewell concert last week was a great success, both as a musical event and a Society function. It was vastly helped by the King, who took the whole front row of seats for his friends, and the Prince of Wales, who engaged the second row. The music chosen was chiefly from the operas of Wagner—a composer who requires a very highly educated musical taste to be properly understood and appreciated. It has great dramatic elements, and though Madame Nordica was singing from the concert platform she obviously could not help acting. It was easy to read one of the secrets of her great success from the *abandon* with which she threw herself into the spirit of her singing. Her expression varied according to the words, her attitudes were instinct with emotion and energy—one beautiful impassioned final note was accompanied by quite a violent stamp of the little foot. The floral tributes—to use the correct professional term—that were presented to her, were laid in a row along the front of the stage, and led one to marvel what the singer could possibly do with such a wealth of exquisite blossoms. When the first bouquet was handed up she tried to take it in her hand, but as it was a cluster nearly as tall as herself of huge pink roses and Madonna lilies she only just contrived to lift it over the footlights, and let it remain where it fell.

What was Worn.

Although it was a morning concert, Madame Nordica wore full evening costume, and looked lovely. Her high well-fitting corselet-skirt was of white satin, clinging and graceful. The bodice was of white lace folded and draped, the fulness of the short sleeves being held in place by triple chains of glittering diamonds. Round the singer's throat were ropes of pearls, while a large dangling ornament of emeralds rose and fell upon her corsage. She had emerald earrings and diamond and emerald bracelets. Madame Nordica had made herself truly splendid to please her audience, and her audience reciprocated by wearing some of the daintiest frocks I have seen anywhere this season. One worn by a tall dark woman was of white *ninon de soie*, the skirt arranged with four wide downways bands of silver lace. Round the hem was a deep band of pale blue panne, while another band of the panne was threaded in and out of the *ninon de soie* at about the level of the knees. The high bodice was gracefully gathered in to a silver buckle studded with turquoises placed on the bust, and beneath these soft white folds could be seen gleaming a well-fitting lining entirely formed of silver lace. The effect was gorgeous as may be imagined.

Who Will Become a Vegetarian?

Those who imagine that vegetarians browse only on cabbages and lentils ought to have been present at the dinner given last week at the Holborn Restaurant by the London Vegetarian Association. A considerable number of the still unconverted are always present at these banquets, so the vegetarian *chef* is on his mettle to show the still unregenerate barbarian what can be done in the food-line without the aid of "scorched corpses." And assuredly only a human pig could complain of a meal that included poached egg; savoury rice prepared with tomatoes; tiny spring carrots far smaller than one's little finger, coated with melted butter; rissoles of nice crisp batter enclosing beetroot and served with green peas; macaroni with cheese; asparagus, and ices and puddings galore. The old-time vegetarian who did not indulge in his fad scientifically, but lunched off cabbage and dined off a potato, could all too often be distinguished by his hungry, pallid aspect and plaintive expression; but the most ardent opponent would have found it difficult to sort the sheep from the goats by outward signs of plumpness and good-temper at this dinner. Certainly there seem possibilities in vegetarianism that are not generally realised. The principal difficulty its advocates have to face is the fact that "flesh" is so unapproachably pleasant to the palate.

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THE WATFORD SCHOOL ATTENDANCE CASE.

"OPEN LETTER" TO MR. TAPRELL HOLLAND, J.P.

On the strength of a newspaper report we recently addressed an "Open Letter" to Mr. S. Taprell Holland, of the Watford Magisterial Bench, in respect of a decision he gave in a school attendance case. Briefly, the reporter's story was that a man, though he had only that morning come out of gaol for failing to pay a fine for not sending his child to school, had again been summoned for a similar offence; that his wife, "a poorly-clad woman," attended and explained that she could not send her children to school because they had "no proper boots or clothing," that the father was out of work, and that she herself was maintaining the family and the home by earning what she could, none helping her "with a single penny." On the face of this report, it was clear that in describing the case as a "very bad" one, and fining the father 10s. with the alternative of going back to prison for seven days, the man had been harshly and callously dealt with by the magistrates.

We are indebted to a Watford lady for putting us in possession of another side of the case. From this it would appear that the newspaper or its reporter either suppressed essential facts, or that those who prosecuted at the Sessions Court did not put them in evidence, relying upon the magistrates' previous knowledge of the history of the family in question. Even now it is difficult for us to gauge whether we are on solid ground, for the *Watford Observer* says it "will perhaps interest us to know that not a single newspaper accredited in local journalism reports these school cases." It does interest us, undoubtedly; but if the account on which we commented is one-sided, where is the guarantee that the *ex parte* statements of our contemporary on a case which it has not reported are credible? However, the other side as presented is that the father has been fined half-a-dozen times for not sending his children to school, that the "child" is 13, and yet the last time she attended school she was only in the first standard, that out of 209 possible attendances she has not made one, that the parents have been before the School Committee time after time, that one of their children is already in a truant school, that the magistrates "know the game," and that they refuse to relieve the father and mother of their responsibilities.

Of our own knowledge we cannot say that all this is true, but a local paper which did not report the case says it is; and taking its statements for what they are worth, we are delighted to feel ourselves in a position to qualify the remarks we made in regard to the decision of the magistrates; for it is obvious that there is a wide distinction to be made between impoverished parents who do not send their children to school because the children have neither boots nor clothes to go in, and those other parents who keep them from school with the one intent that the ratepayers shall shoulder the burden of their maintenance. It is further said that personally Mr. Taprell Holland is one of the kindest-hearted of men. We have not the slightest reason to think otherwise if the new statements of the case, unreported as evidence, are to be taken as facts, and with the best will in the world we take back any expression in our Open Letter which may have given him pain.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

July 1st. SIR ROBERT BALL—

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.—*Keats.*

July 2nd. WILLIAM LE QUEUX—

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.—*Shakespeare.*

What is Your Number?

See page iii. of cover.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

BLASPHEMY, THE STUMP, AND MR. HARRY BOULTER.

Though in his decision against Mr. Harry Boulter, who tailors for a living and stumps the open spaces for recreation, Mr. Justice Darling refused to have read in court the police note of the observations which that gentleman thought fit to make against the Deity on Clapham Common in defiance of the undertaking he gave to Mr. Justice Phillimore on a previous occasion, I take it that they were of a nature to justify the sentence, after warning, of the one month's imprisonment passed upon him. I make him a present of the fact that prosecutions of this sort are not to my personal liking. But having heard Mr. Boulter in the flood tide of his language, I am not prepared to hail him martyr. By temperament not easily shocked, the confession I have to make is that Mr. Boulter can shock me. More than once, indeed, he has made me shiver.

Asked by Mr. Justice Darling whether he was prepared to undertake "not to do this kind of thing again," Mr. Boulter said, "No, my lord. I claim I have as much right to express my opinions as the Tariff Reformers or anybody else." Here the tailor is both right and wrong. In this country, any sort of reformer may express, while on the stump, any sort of opinion about anything. But he is not entitled to express any sort of opinion about anybody; and even in expressing any sort of opinion about anything, he is bound to express it in the right sort of way. Some people, as the Rev. Sydney Smith once said, would speak disrespectfully of the equator. Other people, the soldiers of the Salvation Army, for instance, frequently speak of the Deity as if He were the man in the next street. Others again, Tariff Reformers to wit, assail their opponents in terms which would only be justified if those with whom they differ were inmates of Colney Hatch. All this is allowable in law. Mr. Boulter might have done any of these things and still be outside Wandsworth Gaol. As it is, he is inside; and I repeat that I hail him not as a martyr.

I have my views about several persons, and they about me. But we do not state them in full to others, or to each other, partly because it would not be gentlemanly behaviour, partly because there is no language known to any of us which would do adequate justice to our feelings, and partly because our best efforts to articulate would constitute an illegal act. I put it on the lowest grounds when I say that, as a critic of the Supernatural, Mr. Boulter is deficient not merely in culture and education, but in tact. He errs on the side of over-statement. In his efforts to express his Nothingarianism he is an Unnecessarian.

I do not know of a notable Biblical critic of any school, from Haeckel to Huxley, or one before or since either of them, who has ever stated his opinions in the alarming way in which Mr. Boulter, by deficiency of refined imagination, states his. If I call my neighbour names by which he asserts he was not christened, he is at liberty to have the law of me unless I can prove that, whether he was christened by those names or not, they nevertheless belong to him by reason of acquired talent. Like many other uneducated persons, Mr. Boulter errs in assuming that opinions are proofs. There is in fact no realm of discussion in which proof of any one proposition *pro* or *con* so easily eludes possibility as that of supernatural religion. It is a realm in which everything is arguable, but nothing is provable. Thus it has come about that, in the view of the majority of the population as expressed in the law of the land, to call the Deity names by which He is not generally known, Mr. Boulter is really guilty of libel. What he says neither he nor anybody else can prove.

It would be a serious misfortune for this country if everybody were allowed with impunity to express all his opinions in what I may call the non-intellectual raw. The natural law of the conservation of energy demands that he shall retain some of them to think with. As an argument in the discussion of the theological supernatural, all blasphemy is not only ineffective, but crude. You could not convince me that someone whom I held in esteem and reverence was not worthy of my confidence by pelting him with swill. I should say at once that this was not only not proof, but that it was not even argument. And also, I should be so offended with your method of blackening my friend's character that you would probably provoke me to a breach of your peace.

A Famous Cricketer

G. H. Hirst is the only cricketer to take over 200 wickets, and to score over 2,000 runs in one season. In addition to his cricketing activities, Mr. Hirst is also the manufacturer that popular sweetmeat—"Health Toffee."

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To enable me to *wear* well, says George Hirst, the celebrated Yorkshire cricketer, to get the *best* out of oneself, Phosferine is wonderfully effective, and imparts a marvellous reserve of staying power. Speaking of these very same unique advantages possessed by Phosferine, Charles Gardiner, the winner of the 1909 Marathon, said "Phosferine permanently invigorates and tones up the system, and, in fact, *proved my greatest mainstay.*"

Wherever men gain distinction by severe mental or physical effort, fight pluckily and cheerfully against great odds, it is always upon Phosferine they rely for the power and energy to see them through. To Gardiner, struggling through heat and dust, it meant victory, to George Hirst, overwrought with the nervous tensity and suspense of a critical game, Phosferine means the steady nerves and staying power which enable him to *wear* well. The splendid form which distinguishes George Hirst's wonderful play, testifies to the energising potency of Phosferine, which, says the redoubtable cricketer, dispels all the exhaustion and weariness caused by prolonged batting and bowling under a hot sun.

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Did England lose the Test Match for want of a Fielder?
Is the political "gag" a new "wheeze"?
Do they call themselves the ground-down landlords now?
How does Kent like Worcester sauce?
Will the Imperial Press Conference go to Bath?
Aren't some Peers finding the Budget a bit of a "sell"?
Is C. B. Fry in a stew over the Test Team hash?
Do they call him the "Irreverent J. M. Cox" now?
Is the Kaffir boom a "put-up" affair?
Is Lieutenant Shackleton going for the political poll next?
Does the Budget keep coming up because everyone is so sick of it?

At Bloomsbury, a defendant said his boots had a sentimental value. Poor sole.

"Scareships" was the topic at St. Mary-at-Hill, recently. By a sky-pilot, we suppose.

Southend is considering the advisability of giving the pier-head a coating of luminous paint. What a show up.

Novelists assist at a fire. Many give us volumes of water.

Headline: Will on a Washtub. A fitting place for the disposal of filthy lucre.

A woman obtained an old-age pension by fraud. The Crown will now keep her for two months.

It is not necessary to go to the Coliseum to hear figures of wood speak.

Mr. Lloyd George's old schoolmates have presented him with an album. Cabinet size?

They call the Income Tax allowance for children "Brattage" on the Stock Exchange.

"Tariff Reform means The Remedy," says the *Express*. But isn't the remedy sometimes worse than the disease?

"The man who plants trees is a public benefactor," according to Mrs. Edith Chapman. Yet it is a shady proceeding.

"Is Imprisonment Useless?" asks a morning contemporary. If so, it is certainly a waste of "time."

Edwin Pugh has been writing of "The Sins of the Socialists." The latter describe his remarks as "Pugh-rile."

"Love is a disease," says Joseph Prague. And not infrequently ends in a "decline."

A bill inscribed "Votes for Women" has been pasted on the Prime Minister's portrait in the Academy. One way of putting it before him.

Messrs. D. H. Evans's new building contains a smoking-room where men can wait while their women shop. Good Evans!

"Matrimony is like a great machine," says *Woman's Life*. Yes, costly, but doesn't always work.

"Empire Wires," reads a headline. We are more interested in the question of who is pulling them.

At the Uxbridge County School sports, all the eight senior events were won by B. I. Helliwell. What do the other competitors call him for short?

The Littlehampton Council has prohibited the playing of golf on the sands. Will they still call it the "fore"-shore?

If, as Tom Gallon says, the wife chooses the husband, some women must be very deficient in taste.

At a recent wedding we note that the bride's dress was made of "reversible white satin." Was the other side black?

A miniature rifle range has been opened on the roof of Lloyd's building in the City. Clerking need no longer be an aimless career.

Let us help you to increase your salary.

Mr. S. H. Moseley, of Oldham, writes to the International Correspondence Schools, under date April 26, 1909, as follows:

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"I shall always speak highly of the Schools, for I am sure that anyone who will follow out your simple and thorough instruction is bound to rise to higher and better paid positions."

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Showcard Writer	Civil Engineer	Mechanical Draughtsman
Illustrator	French	Electric Lighting Supt.
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"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* **when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose.**

C. R. W. (Merthyr Vale) thinks we are not fond enough of doctors. He considers it "ungrateful" to attack them when they make a mistake; but their mistakes may have serious consequences. Give us Christian Science! Ungrateful, by Jabbers!

H. B. H. (Reading).—The *Daily Telegraph* may be very eloquent about Alhambra Day, but why expect it to know about such prosaic things as latitude and longitude?

C. C. (Lowestoft) says information about mandrakes is to be found in Andrew Lang's "Custom and Myth" (Longmans) and in Josephus vii. 6, 3. Mrs. Praed's book is called "The Insane Root," and was published by Unwin.

"EYES OPEN."—Why should any particular day be dedicated to the Empire? We prefer to believe in Empire-years and Empire life-times. Sometimes, however, Jim Crow does look in at the Alhambra or the Pavilion. Music-hall patriotism might soon have a miss in baulk, don't you think? Even the late Misgovernment never recognised this myth of Meath.

J. I. (Marazion) says Devonshire is immoral as well as Cornwall. Hurrah for the West Countree! But statistics of illegitimacy do not necessarily prove immorality. Look at the Chinese.

"WHISKY" (Glasgow).—We wonder some enterprising publicans don't go on selling you at the old price.

A. P. (New Cross) wants to tax all foreigners employed in this country.

A. B. S. (Hull) refers to the question of G. S. (Curragh Camp) about warmth in ice. He says a lecturer said there was a certain amount of heat in snow and that a student asked him how many snowballs would suffice to boil a kettle. That may be all right in H——ull.

A. S. M. (Sunderland) complains of a tipster named Cox, of Maidenhead, who deluges him with circulars. A. S. M. returned one in an unstamped envelope, but it came back "refused" through the dead-letter office with 2d. to pay. He might send it back again in an unstamped envelope marked "registered" and trust to the cupidity of Cox.

E. A. S. (Dublin) quarrels with Crow about the country, saying: "How green his eyes must be when flowers suffer from uniformity. I advise him to see his doctor at once." But Crow, being a Christian Scientist, says he does not possess a tame quack.

W. J. P. (Guildford) picks a bone with "Cob," who wrote about "Swelled Head in Science," and wants him to return to his shafts. "Here," says W. J. P., "we have a man who advertises the fact that what he knows about science and a penny will buy him half-a-pint of beer. His chief objection to science is its comparative smallness, yet he advertises the smallness of his own mind by dwelling on beetles for a large portion of his article, as though the sum of all scientific knowledge were contained in that insect. He disparages chemistry. Has our friend ever seen a piece of rough-looking rock, known as iron ore? If so, will he kindly compare this with the splendid brands of tool steel, which, by the aid of a chemist, are now produced, and see it, as I have seen it, reducing an eleven-inch diameter cast steel bar to eight inches diameter, in one cut, at a speed of one hundred and sixty feet per minute. If he has seen this, then put it down as one to chemistry. Has our friend ever been on a holiday? if so, did he go by train or steamship? If our critic wishes to criticise let him do so in a spirit as broad as his subject, and not try to condense great scientific monuments into knowing the name of a few types of beetles." All right.

Several of SALMON & GLUCKSTEIN'S Managers write complaining about an order they recently received to take careful stock on *Sunday morning*. But no doubt S. and G. sent them each a special present for the trouble!

D. C. K. D. (Inverness) puts in a good word for Rice's Rupture Cure. He also endorses from personal knowledge our warnings to Canadian emigrants.

"AN ADMIRER"—what a lot of readers use that *nom-de-plume!*—directs our attention to the sad case of a Dep ford publican's suicide. It appears that after searching his house from top to bottom, all the police could find consisted of two betting slips on two of the customers—but they served the publican with eight summonses and his wife with two. We should like to hear what the police have to say for themselves. Feeling in the district is very strong.

SEVERAL READERS write, apropos our criticism of the "Great White City" Exhibition, eulogising the "Witching Waves" item as a wonderfully good side show. We intend to run down one evening and see it for ourselves.

"A BRITISHER" (Kingston-on-Thames) confirms the above view. He attended a dinner of the Miniature Rifles, expecting to hear Lord Roberts, but had instead to listen to "a man with a very pronounced foreign accent, and named Blumenfeld." But Roberts is no orator.

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An operator bought on February 22nd, 20 shares Steel Common and had to pay as a cover in respect thereof 2 per cent., or £8. He sold on June 5th at 69½, his profit consequently being 22½ per cent., or £90. He therefore received back £90 plus the money paid over for cover, £8—*i.e.*, £98. If the market, however, had, for instance, *declined* 22½ per cent., then his loss would not have exceeded the 2 per cent., or £8.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of The People, and "Magpie" of The Globe.)

A Useful Hunter.

It was only when Mr. R. C. Dawson was given Snuff to train for steeplechasing that he heard from the owner, Capt. Allfrey, "that he had a better at home" in Hallaton. The owner was a keen hunting man, and for a long time never dreamed of having either trained or raced.

A Distinction.

One can go to a race meeting in two or three minds—either as a sort of outing, so as to merely stroll about and "look on," or to make it more of a business and to bet. There is all the difference imaginable between just ambling about until something *worth backing* is put right under one's nose, or seeking chances so to do, for if one really wishes to make opportunities of wagering they can "find" something practically every time.

The Popular Owner of Louviers.

Mr. Walter Raphael enunciates common sense ethics in regarding the introduction of the totalisator as the fairer means of regulating the odds, and in expecting everyone to pursue the same policy as he himself adopts in his turf patronage. His horses are in the care of a private trainer, Dawson Waugh, at Newmarket, the team being a modest one, some 16 strong at the moment, including the three-year-old cracks Louviers, who won the Coventry Stakes at Ascot last season and the Biennial last week, and Blankney II., the hero of the Gimcrack Stakes, who has not trained on. Both are big, powerful, black-pointed bays and handsome horses. I had the pleasure of seeing them in their boxes when looking round Waugh's stables while in Newmarket. The two horses named were almost solely the means of gaining Mr. Raphael some £8,000 in stakes last season, but it was a unique fact that *all* the horses between them could not win either a *handicap* or a *Nursery*. This is the outcome of Mr. Raphael's insisting upon all his representatives being ridden right out in their races, although he never will support his horses for a *place*. Yet the handicappers—and the owners of other animals less scrupulous—obtain an exact line of the form which they can usually beat.

Mr. Raphael possesses encouraging prospects, his horses being well and thoroughly looked after. The attendant of each is an Austrian lad—a type of boy in whom Waugh places extreme confidence. Mr. Raphael is a well-liked magnate of the Stock Exchange, and few colours are more popular than the navy dark blue, scarlet-hooped sleeves and cap, which will be the successful colours in this week's Sandringham Stakes at Sandown, as also in the St. Leger.

Prophetic.

One need only now refer to Sandown's programme, for as to whether

King's Champion

will win the Hare Park Handicap at Newmarket his interim Newcastle race will decide. If not penalised, or disgraced, follow Lord Ellesmere's colt, who is coming on and stays well. If started for the Hampton Plate at Sandown, Farinier—a nice horse for this class of race—will win, whilst after Ascot, Hillside III. will be favourite for the New Stand Handicap. But I much prefer Fallen Angel, while Bustle is simply certain to gain a similar race before long—and she has won on the course. Louviers would beat Bayardo for the Sandringham Stakes, while

Aubergine

has her usual big chance for Saturday's Wellington Handicap.

The Grand Prix.

My readers will not forget that William the Fourth will win this, the most valuable race in the world.

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The following claims have been received for issue of May 15th:—

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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 22nd:—

685; 919; 19376; 25960; 27762; 47762; 62875; 74224; 84668; 88910; 96047; 97713; 107276; 115282; 118151; 122499; 122924; 129599; 130473; 131906; 133781; 153219; 153715; 165652; 172262; 178472; 181865; 186704; 194694; 203628; 210229; 222966; 223958; 229067; 235578; 240463; 241936; 243264; 245808; 250347; 256747; 257501; 260158; 261376; 267243; 271054; 278652; 279240; 291791; 292276.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 31st (PUBLISHED JULY 29th).

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